

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

VOL. XX., No. 504.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

## NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

**The Kind of Advice Women Get of How to be Beautiful—Grace is in the Bones and Beauty in the Blood, but Women Don't Know It—Beauty is more than Skin-Deep—The Abdicated Queens—Ability and Popularity a Question of Endowment—An Interesting Discussion of a Subject in which Men and Women alike are Concerned.**

We all saw how Dion Boucicault went out of his way to give some advice to women who wanted to have beautiful figures—they were to carry a heavy weight on their heads. I see now that one Shirley Dare has taken up the subject, and advises women to pump. She says any kind of a pump will do, but let them pump.

These are fair ensamples of the kind of advice that is flooding the newspapers, all of which advice comes under the head of how to be beautiful, or how to be graceful.

Doesn't it remind you of the school superstitions which you fondly believed in when you wore jackets? Do you not remember the boy's formula for making a clear day on the morrow, and his recipe for a curl in a pup's tail?

Alas! how soon boys grow to learn that the morrow is unmanageable and pup's tails curl by an occult process beyond all systems.

I suppose men acquire much sooner than women a fairly clear notion of the inevitable, and try to adjust themselves to it.

Beauty of face and grace of figure belong to the inevitable very largely.

Grace is in the bones, not in the whalebones, just as beauty is in the blood.

Some women come into the world on a curve and never forsake it. Some are born at an angle and forever preserve it. The sharp corners stick out in their speech and obtrude in their conduct. All the weights in the world carried on their heads will not crush out of them the tendency to be acute.

There are more handsome and graceful women off than on the stage, but those that are on are best known to us and furnish us with types that we can talk about.

Now consider a moment; there is no specific in the market that will make a Mary Anderson—a trumpet voice, long limbs and a certain want of vibration are not the result of training or development. They are the consequences of heredity. There is no known exercise that will create Lotta's upper lip and kittenish heels, or put Minnie Maddern's soul into Lotta. Mr. Boucicault cannot with all his authority say to Mary Anderson, "Peace, be still." Nor can he with all his masterful skill unlock the spirit of Clara Morris in the body of Maude Granger. No one can prevent Ellen Terry from crying in the wrong place if she is hysterical any more than one can prevent Mr. Bob Hilliard from being beautiful and rash, or Mrs. Langtry from being celebrated.

Let us acknowledge that some things are fixed, and the less we tamper with them the better. The kind of beauty that subserves nature's purpose, the beauty that magnetizes the opposite sex and is part of the peopling process of the planet, springs from vital conditions, and in the mortar of philosophy is found to be health, youth and harmony of function. Of course the eye that discourseth and the lip that is cherry ripe must have hot blood pumped into them, and the sinuous and sensuous grace of the Daphne is a matter of osseous and integumentary adjustment.

Beauty of this vital kind is not the result of character or of thought. It resides in the ignorant, the depraved, the outcast, the plebeian. It irradiates in the peasant and the pirate no less than in the princess. It cajoles and conquers men to their life long regret. It marches over character with its procreative purpose, and men throw themselves under the wheels of its golden chariot.

But never has one sex given up the hope of creating and preserving it.

Superstition, banished from almost every other retreat, still hides defiantly in a woman's vanity. She will carry stones on her soft head or pump out the immeasurable sea to attain it, and exhaust the whole pharmacopia to keep it.

The most rational of women will listen respectfully to science and agree with it, and then go to their belladonna privately. From the days when Poppea took her bath of ass's milk, down to the days when Miss Davenport put her foot on her own appetite, the whole feminine hemisphere of mortality has believed

secretly in the elixir of life, the fountain of youth and the philosopher's stone.

Do you suppose there is any writer brave enough to rise up at this late day and say that beauty is more than skin deep? that handsome is that handsome does? that there is a kind of beauty that can be acquired?

Yes. Behold him!

Mind you, it takes thirty or forty years of pretty good wrestling with the beautiful to beat these old saws out into the gold leaf of conviction. But sooner or later men come to the knowledge of it.

Physical beauty is bone deep, and belongs to the animal kingdom; but there is another kind of beauty that is soul deep and belongs to the individual. Some of Nature's homeliest children are archangels in the light of their characters.

A man told me once that George Elliot was one of the handsomest women he ever met.

was ugly. I think she is a fine-looking woman."

I suppose most women think more of their casket than of its gems, and when you come to think about it a handsome woman is to be pitied. She must have hours of contrition and self-abasement and shame, when she says to herself: "Heavens! Why was all the fine gold of ability and the precious metal of talent melted down in me to make a handsome face? What will become of me when my face is not handsome? My God! is that a gray hair? It is. Um-boo-splxt-boo-hoo," etc.

(I find it impossible to translate this emotional throb without a bottle of sal volatile.)

When Mme. Liebhardt came to this country to sing she was forty-five. She did not bring her voice with her, but she brought her personal vanity. One day when she was nervously exhausted and pale she sent for an American physician. He looked at her and told her to

into the world with a large fund of vitality and she hasn't used it up.

I very often think that one of the most serious obstacles in the way of dramatic advancement is the homage we pay to physical beauty. If the stage were more nearly related to the physical than to the intellectual advancement of the world, I should not wonder at it nor complain of it.

We make the lives of actresses doubly hard by our animal instincts. We disappoint those who are simply lovely and we ignore those who are not, as if the theatre were like one of those oriental slave marts in which physical charms rule the market.

During my experience I have never yet seen a woman whose sole claim to popular favor was personal comeliness who did not end an utterly disappointed and neglected woman. The one claim to popularity slips from her day by day, and she has no means of arresting it, and

You see I am writing this letter many miles away from the arena, where I am resting, and I want to say that away off here Nature herself has shown me how futile it is to depend on the circumstance entirely. We have got to take into consideration the conditions.

I had a companion who came with me. When he got off the train he enquired about miasma and the water. When he got up in the morning he found a mosquito on the window pane. In the afternoon he took to a feather bed because there was thunder and lightning. The next day he had distinct symptoms of malarial poison.

But all this time his companions were out in the swamp up to their knees in miasm and praising God for trout. They stood in the rain, and instead of defying the lightning like Ajax, they admired it like Edison.

I found that if these two men walked through a thicket together the leaf that gladdened one poisoned the other. I found that if they drank out of the same stream the water that refreshed one upset the other.

I came to the conclusion that my friend brought the miasm with him in his bones.

I've seen the same thing on the stage a thousand times. The insouciant gallop of Lotta, the frozen grief of Clara Morris, the trumpet call of Mary Anderson, the corinthian grace of Modjeska, the incisive particularity of Edwin Booth, the oratorical declamation of Lawrence Barrett, the pulsing trowardness of Mather, the phthisicky languor of Terry, the Milo statuesqueness of Langtry, the sensuous modulations of Rose Coghlan, the lapsing spontaneity of Rehan, the decorous dignity of Ponisi, the unutterable sweetness of Bob Hilliard, were not got in the theatre. They brought them with them. They were in their constitutions. It is true the teachers may have given them the quinine of elocution by the pound, but they never got these things out of their systems.

Ability and popularity thus become a question of endowment, and so is beauty. It is an astounding fact that ever since woman took to skirts there have been factories and systems for creating beauties, and there is not a single reliable bit of evidence that one was ever manufactured.

The best that man can do is to stand in with time and help destroy them.

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—A letter received just as I am about to close this for the mail, tells me that there are anxious enquiries in New York for Mackaye. Nobody appears to know where he is. Tom Ochiltree, I am told, is painting the Hoffman House red with the breath of denunciation. Harry Miner is supplicating through the wires for him, and friends come down to the Union Square to seek information. If anything has happened to Mackaye I wish you would send me word. I somehow feel the anxiety away up here. N. C.

## Kellar in Mexico.

"Kellar abruptly closed his engagement at Heuck's Opera House, Cincinnati, on Thursday last, and took the midnight train for the City of Mexico," said Frank Murray, manager of the magician, to a MIRROR representative. "He had intended to go on the 24th inst. and open in Mexico on September 1, but he heard that Herrmann had changed his route so as to get into Mexico ahead of us, and he decided to checkmate him."

"This he did in a very decided manner. Kellar opened at the National Theatre on the 16th inst., ten days before Herrmann could possibly have got there, and now he wires me that he is playing to enormous business. After he concludes his engagement in the City of Mexico he will play the other leading cities in that country. He is a favorite with the Mexicans, and made a triumphal tour of the country in 1874, accumulating a small fortune there."

"Kellar's Mexican tour is under the management of the Orrin brothers, the Barnums of that region, and I am not interested in it any more than to have a desire to see him succeed. He returns to the United States on October 1, and then I assume charge of his business affairs, opening our season at Dallas, Texas, on October 8. The season is all booked solid, and we do not come to New York until Spring."

A Legal Wreck will in all probability run out William Gillette's season at the Madison Square Theatre, which has been extended to Nov. 12. The rehearsals of A Confederate Casualty, which was to have followed, have been abandoned.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

He was utterly amazed to hear me say that the world would unanimously decide she was one of the ugliest.

"Of course," he added, "the world couldn't know her."

That was just it. Hers was a beauty that had to be discovered through acquaintance.

Have you never noticed how the good looks of an actor or preacher grow on you as he exhibits his power? The almost universal feeling upon seeing a great artist for the first time is one of disappointment. Bernhardt is a notable example. The senses, those lying ministers of our body, report first of the externals. What a scrawny, angular, unpleasant creature! What a face! What a voice!

Then as her worth, her puissance and her volition begin to show themselves, she gets graceful; she beams with her own radiance; she compels with her own authority, and we come away saying, "Why, I heard Bernhardt

take two beefsteaks a day. The next morning her manager, Maurice Grau, found her in bed on her back with the "biffsteaks" on her cheeks, a small hole having been left to breathe through.

Mme. Liebhardt's ideas of health were skin deep, and never got any further than complexion.

I find that among the prima donne and singers there is an ineradicable belief that Adelina Patti has preserved her strength, her looks and her voice by the aid of secret preparations. Women write to her continually offering to pay any price if she will divulge her secret. But she has no secret. She once told me that she attributed the preservation of her voice to the one fact that she had never abused it, and that she belonged to a school that existed before Wagner's methods became fashionable.

The simple fact is that Adelina Patti came

nothing to put in its place. She rules in a kingdom of phantoms, and she sees them fade one by one. And there comes a time when her courtiers make audible and despairing remarks about her behind her throne and leave her in a corner alone, because youth and freshness came in at the door.

There is never a day in New York that you may not see these deposed and abdicated queens walking in the throng with a defiant weariness and much enamel. Relics of departed worth, they seem to resent the progress of things, and to hate the idea of succession. Your old *romes* and men-about-town point them out as one would point out the old milestones tapestried with briar and wild flowers, which tell how many miles they have come with their memories.

And of all pitiable objects I think a woman who has created only neglect is the most forlorn.



## At the Theatres.

## LYCEUM THEATRE—LORD CHUMLEY.

Lord George Chumley (known as "Chumley")..... E. H. Sothern  
Adam Butterworth..... C. R. Bishop  
Lieut. Hugh Butterworth..... Frank Carlyle  
Genser Leighton..... Herbert Archer  
Tommy Tucker..... Rowland Buckton  
Black Bunk..... George Backus  
Waterbottom..... A. W. Gregory  
Elsner..... Belle Archer  
Jennie Deane..... Dora Leslie  
Lady Adeline Barker..... Fanny Addison  
Meg..... Etta Hawkins

An impression prevails in certain quarters that Lord Chumley—presented as a new play by Messrs. Belasco and De Mille, and written expressly for E. H. Sothern—is the revised version of one of several unacted comedies bequeathed by the elder Sothern to his son. The piece certainly seems to bear traces of English origin; it is designed after an approved and once widely popular transatlantic pattern, and it is only here and there that the Americanism of the collaborators, whose names appear as authors, sticks out. But this is mere surmise, which has developed no proof, and were it not that at least one of these gentlemen has on several occasions been charged with working over other people's products and putting them forth as his own, the idea would not receive even an instant's entertainment.

After all, it matters little one way or the other so far as the public is concerned, for Lord Chumley is a capital piece, affording more enjoyment to the square inch than anything we have lately seen, and as it made a pronounced hit on its first representation at the Lyceum Theatre last Monday night, people will flock to see it without reference to its antecedents or its origin.

Lord Chumley's merits are so many that its minor faults are lost sight of. A little judicious cutting and trimming here and there where the action drags, and a little more briskness in the acting, will make it one of the most completely enjoyable performances before the public. It is certain to serve Mr. Sothern as a popular vehicle for a long time to come.

Mr. Sothern's part—the title-role—is admirably suited to his style of light comedy-acting, while it contains one or two passages that test his capacity for dramatic work of the serious order. Without describing in detail the plot, which must be followed from the front so as to be thoroughly appreciated, it is enough to say that in Lord Chumley, Mr. Sothern appears to us as a young nobleman of slender purse and generous feelings, who, under an appearance of stammering stupidity, reveals a genuinely level head, an ingenious command of resources, a heart which is in the right place, and a nature that is capable of enduring hardship and false accusations, in order to save a cherished friend from disgrace.

Finding that a French adventurer is threatening his intimate, a young officer, with exposure for a suspicious financial transaction that he may procure the hand of the latter's sister, with whom Lord Chumley himself is in love, that young man jumps in for the purpose of protecting his friend and confounding his enemy. How he plies himself in an attic in order to get money enough together to liquidate the obligation of the young soldier; how he faces all kinds of complications with cheerful good nature, and how eventually he vanquishes the villain, removes the stain from his friend's name, and gets the girl of his heart, it is unnecessary to narrate. The piece is one of that character which does not permit of detailed description.

The dialogue is occasionally interspersed with flashes of wit; the characters are not new, but they have been effectively grouped and brought into contrast; the incidents are plentiful, more or less novel and generally amusing, and, beyond everything else, Mr. Sothern has a role which fits him down to the ground. He is delightful in it, reminding one irresistibly of his gifted father, whom he grows to resemble more in the artistic direction from season to season. His peculiar little laugh, his awkward manner, his *sang froid* in moments of excitement, all combine to give the personation attractiveness and completeness. Mr. Sothern was most heartily applauded for his efforts, and called a number of times.

Mr. Carlyle, in Hugh had a character of little importance, but he looked well and played it conscientiously. Mr. Archer was an effective villain, and Mr. Buckstone made a good deal of his "bit"—a London underground stoker. George Backus as a conventional criminal was satisfactory. Miss Archer made a pretty heroine, Miss Leslie an intelligent *ingenue*, Miss Addison a comic husband-hunter, and Etta Hawkins a vivacious but somewhat obtrusive "slavery," Lord Chumley is charmingly staged.

## NIBLO'S GARDEN—MATIAS SANDORF.

Count Mathias Sandorf..... J. M. Colville  
Elsene Bathory..... W. S. Harkins  
Baroness Bathory..... W. S. Harkins  
Silas T. Oresthal..... W. H. Wallis  
Zirone..... W. Richardson  
Mittie Torenthal..... Lila Vane  
Madame Bathory..... Cecile Rush  
Nanette..... Gertrude Magill  
Pepita..... Louise Allen  
Bethilda..... Ray Allen  
Annette..... Annie Dunbar  
Pierre..... Constance Wallace  
Rena..... Constance Wallace

Bolossy Kiralfy's production of Mathias Sandorf, which was seen for the first time in this city by a large audience at Niblo's last Saturday night, is in many respects a creditable achievement in the direction of spectacular exhibitions.

This particular Kiralfy shares with his brother Imre a genius for making the greatest possible display with the least possible expenditure. In Mathias Sandorf Bolossy demonstrated with what facility and success he can engineer a heavy show piece single-handed. The production doubtless has involved a large outlay, for every feature of it is well done, but unquestionably its opulence of visual delights is deceptive. It is here that the chief qualification for prosperity in the management of spectacles is found, and it is here that the shrewd little Hungarian impresario stands forth as the peer of nearly all his would-be rivals. Many fortunes have been staked and lost by rashly venturesome theatrical men in this field, because they have not known how to make every dollar invested look like ten dollars to the people in front. The Kiralfys, on the other hand, possessing this peculiar knowledge, and tact, taste and experience besides, have flourished continuously and practically monopolized the lion's share of the business in this country.

Mathias Sandorf, the ingenious Jules Verne's well-known novel, has been mutilated in the dramatization—if dramatization it may be called—only as a story can, which has been adapted by a Frenchman for a French spectacular production, then put into English by one of the Kiralfy translators, and finally brought to the footlights after the text has been chopped up and cleared away by the local producer so that the scenery, ballets and specialty acts shall not be interfered with. Perhaps it is a necessity. Necessity, we are perfectly well aware, knows no law; ergo, every law of dramatic construction can be safely disregarded in a spectacular drama like Mathias Sandorf. Some day one may be written which will be as meritorious in construction and dialogue as in the scenic and terpsichorean phases, but for the present the playgoer is contented to have the actors fill in the gaps for the dancers, scene-shifters and mechanics.

The dramatic portion of Mathias Sandorf on Saturday night was for the most part inapplicable dumb show. The sounds of the hammer, the shouts of the stage manager and *maitre-de-ballet*, mingled with the patter of a hundred pairs of feet in the wings, seriously handicapped the actors' ability. It didn't much matter, however, for the most imaginative spectator would find it impossible to make head or tail of the plot. Those that knew the novel enjoyed an immense advantage over those that did not. Thirteen years elapse between Acts One and Two; weeks and months were continually skipped with the change of a scene; the spectators were carried in a mysterious but picturesque journey to Italy, Spain, Morocco and many other far-flung parts, accompanied everywhere by a man with a hero with a long beard; a villain whose clothes and sneer stood the passage of years and the frequent change of base without variation; a dark damsel given to dire threats and skulking habits; a nice young man who was his own father in the first act, and several other personages, each and every one a living conundrum that nobody bothered about guessing. In this international puzzle Messrs. Colville, Harkins, Neil and Wallis, and Misses Vane, Rust and several Allens participated. In the absence of any definite knowledge on the subject it is only fair to say that they acquitted themselves as creditably as circumstances allowed, although there is a bare possibility that they didn't acquit themselves at all.

When we arrive at a consideration of Mathias Sandorf in its character as a spectacle we reach solid and eminently satisfactory ground. There is the charm of constant change in it; there is light and bustle and gaiety of movement. The ballet obliterates the dialogue and palpitates with color and coruscates with action. There is abundant variety, both literal and technical. In the first act we are shown a mountain fount dashing down a craggy precipice, and into this the pursued hero plunges to escape from the guards of the prison he has just broken. Then we are treated to some lively festivities at a fair at Ragusa. Two Russian clowns, the Brothers Alexandrew, introduce some capital musical diversions, which would be equally good, if less suited to the public palate, were they done without motley and false noses. The versatile pair manipulated several instruments—such as the mandolin, guitar, clarinet and bassoon—skillfully, and actually succeeded in evoking delightful harmonies of organ-like quality from that much-abused and generally despised affair the German concertina. One of the features of the saltatorial exercises is the Automaton Dance, in which four decidedly clever women—Ricca and Louise Allen, Mlle. Nicode and Mlle. Rosch—dance a quadrille in the character of marionettes made up for Bernhardt, Langtry, Irving and Dixey. The first named was exceedingly happy as the burlesque Henry I. It is a shrewd scheme to present the national and military ballet entitled America, at a time when political feeling is rife and patriotism is stirred to its very depths. The tumultuous applause with which the audience receives it is incontrovertible proof of its timeliness. Pretty girls—at least they seem to be pretty from the front—dressed as Indians, plantation hands, sailors, soldiers, and to represent our French, Irish, English and German citizens, dance, deploy and manoeuvre in bewildering figures. A company of diminutive Uncle Sams parade around with that air of independence and don't-care-admittiveness for which the proverbial Yankee is noted, and the famous revolutionary picture "Yankee

Doodle" is realized by the grandfather, son, and little boy in Continental costume marching beneath the torn folds of our national emblem. This ballet in its entirety is vigorously conceived and spiritedly executed. It is a distinct hit. The "black and white" interlude, familiar to magicians, was so clumsily managed on the first night that it fell flat. It has since been eliminated together with some minor specialties which failed to please. The pretty stork ballet which brings the last act to a close is danced before an illuminated fountain of water which spurts up half way to the grid-iron. The leaders are the dainty Mlle. Paris and the dashing Mlle. Cappelini, both of whom find favor with the observers.

Mathias Sandorf as a brilliant spectacle is a decided success, and its run should be attended with gratifying prosperity.

The melodious opera comique, Lorraine, by Rudolph Dellinger, libretto by Oscar Walthers, adapted into English by W. J. Henderson, revised by Madeleine Lucette, was placed upon the stage at Wallack's on Monday evening for the first time this season, and met the cordial approbation of a large and fashionable assemblage. The cast is somewhat different from last year's, and may be said to have been improved upon. Marion Manola, with her fresh, young voice and modest demeanor, appeared to charming advantage. Her sweet rendering of the Love Song in the first act, and her plaintive ballad, "Across the Night, along the Deep," in the last act, evoked the heartiest applause, while her duets with Lorraine were bewitchingly sung. Annie Myers, a conscientious artist, sang the role of Olivier with much acceptance, and was frequently encored, as was Alice Galliard as Oudarde, who made considerable of the character, but marred it somewhat by the useless "swimming imitations" in the last act.

Eugene Oudin made an extremely nervous entrance, and sang his solo, "Now to my Lord and King," with discouraging effect and a throaty voice. He recovered, however, and his succeeding efforts were rewarded by much applause and several encores. Charles W. Dungan did not make a very creditable King of France. His manner is stiff and stogy, and he has a self-consciousness that he should rid himself of. His singing made some amends for his mannerisms. Jeff de Angelis could not show his versatility in the comparatively straight part of D'Effiat, nor did Herbert A. Cripps distinguish himself as Pierre. De Wolf Hopper made all the fun in the opera as Gaspard, and his dry wit and buffoonery were highly relished by the audience. His make-up might have been improved upon, particularly about the head. His topical song caught on at once, and his verse on "The Quick and the Dead" costumes of ladies in general made the house fairly ring with applause.

The chief features of the opera, however, were the ensemble choruses—particularly the Pages' chorus, with guitar accompaniment, and the Provence Song, the solo of which was admirably rendered by Eugene Oudin. The melodies are all catchy, and Lorraine would be good for a run were it not to be succeeded shortly by Boccaccio.

Effie Ellsler began an engagement under A. M. Palmer's management, which is to be of two years' duration, at the People's Theatre on Monday, with Frank Harvey's play Judge Not—the plot of which has been already published in THE MIRROR. Its favorable reception seemed to mark its success as a road piece. Miss Ellsler, as the wronged wife, Katherine Clare, stung by reproach into vindictive action and self reliance, was admirably crisp and decisive in her acting. She was repeatedly called before the curtain. Frank Weston, to whose share falls the role of the breezy journalist, Frank Brightside, whose business in the play is to be everybody's confidant and to right all the wrongs, enacted it with a chipper vivacity that makes his role come near being the central interest of the play. The part of Lord Ferndale was filled by F. C. Bangs with the courtly dignity for which he is distinguished. Madame Ponsi was greeted with an applauding welcome on her entrance in the role of Lady Moreland. The ponderous gravity of her denunciation of the aristocratic sin of smiling gave no little satisfaction and amusement to a Bowery audience. Frederick Corbett made the most he could of the lukewarm villain, Rupert Derwent. Lady Chalmers was effectively acted by Miss Protheroe in place of Mrs. Hart Jackson. E. H. Vanderfelt acted Philip Vane on the whole well, but somewhat unevenly. Probably the most artistic passage of his performance was the representation of Vane recovering from the effects of wine; it had none of the vulgar exaggeration to which many actors are prone in depicting alcoholism. Ethel Moreland was played by handsome Helen Bancroft. Next week, the Golden Giant.

Eagle's Nest, with Edwin Arden as Jack Trail, crowded the Thalia on Monday night. The piece has been altered somewhat since last seen to the extent of the hero being bound and dropped down a shaft, instead of imprisoned in a burning cabin, which change somewhat surprised the packed gallery. The supporting company was good, the new people being C. A. Henderson as Robert Blastedon, who did some really clever work, and Bart Wallace as Daniel Dibsey, the comedy role, which he played with credit. Agnes Arden as Rose Milford, and Jennie Christie as Sierra Suse,

were well received. The idiot who never dies also made his first appearance this season. Considerable excitement was caused by the attempt of the ushers to expel a disorderly "god," during which episode the above-mentioned idiot cried "Fire!" bringing the majority of the audience to their feet in an instant, and nearly creating a panic. It was only averted by the coolness of Mr. Arden and a number of jowl-headed people in the orchestra, who cried down the fright. The man who created the disturbance was arrested, but the man who yelled "fire" could not be found. Next week Frank I. Frayne and his menagerie in Mardo.

The Grand Opera House opened its regular season on Saturday night with Kate Claxton in The World Against Her. A large audience was present and generously applauded the many strong situations in the piece, calling nearly every member of the company before the curtain during the evening. The cast, which includes A. H. Forrest, Charles Stevenson, Palmer Collins, E. A. Eagleton and Alice Leigh, is almost unchanged since the piece was last seen here. Judith Berold as Jenny Clegg acted with judgment, winning a good share of the applause. The piece was well staged. Next week, Jim the Penman.

N. S. Wood in The Waifs of New York drew a crowded house to the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night—a top-heavy house, of course. He was supported by a capable company, chief among them being G. W. Thompson, George Morton, G. W. Pike, Ada Morton, Nellie Maskell and Marie Madison, all of whom were well received. Calls were plentiful. Next week, The Streets of New York.

Fate, a society drama and one of Bartley Campbell's earliest efforts, was resurrected on Monday night at the Windsor. This play has been brought forward a number of times, with little success. Its chief fault lies in the fact that it is interesting only in parts, a poor scene following a good one, and vice versa.

In the leading part of Helen Faraday, the wife, that excellent artiste, Rose Osborne, pleased the audience and received numerous calls. Mary Deagle as Juno Temple, "the fiend," was fairly good. A. J. Muller made a clever Frank Faraday, and was earnest and painstaking. Russell Bassett made the most of a few opportunities in the comic role of Blaize. James Mahoney was effective as Paulding. Howard James gave a good interpretation of Derwent, the elderly uncle. Whitman Osgood as Lawyer Burdette and Marie Osgood as Miss Dyer were humorous throughout. Lotta Chishold was satisfactory as Sally. Next week, In His Power.

At the Casino Nadjy continues its run uninterrupted, and preparations are going vigorously forward for the celebration of the rooth performance of the opera, which occurs on Saturday night.

A Legal Wreck has evidently caught the popular fancy. It is now in its second week, and the cool weather and good acting have conspired to fill the house nightly.

There is little doubt that the revival of The Queen's Mate at the Broadway Theatre was well advised. The operetta is drawing audiences of large size.

## Australian Notes.

Sydney, July 15, 1888.  
Theatrical matters throughout Australia and New Zealand are, with few exceptions, flat and dull, the principal cause being the existence of so many skating rinks. The last few months has become quite a craze with the Australian public, and at which every lease and manager is vowing dire vengeance; however, the evil is done, and they have but to grin and bear it until the close of the skating season, which will terminate about the first week in October, after which, I suppose, they will find fault with some fresh attraction that some energetic and enterprising American or Englishman may introduce to Australia. Perhaps it will be something starting in its prototype line, similar to that introduced by James Pain or Brock a season or two ago. Of skating rinks maybe we have a dozen, half of which are really good, but the two best rinks are those under the management of Kenneth Skinner and Alfred Wyld, and at which, on a carnival night not long since, upward of 6,000 were present. They are the two prettiest rinks to be met with throughout Australia. The Elite and Crystal Palace are patronized by the leaders of society.

Bland Holt, at the Theatre Royal, has done a moderate business since the opening night, producing The World and New Babylon with great splendor. July 14 a revival of Taken from Life is to succeed New Babylon. The season closes early in August, after which Bland Holt proceeds to Brisbane, Queensland, opening at the New Opera House for eight weeks.

The London Gaiety Theatre company, including Nellie Farren, Fred Leslie and others, some fourteen in all, appear for the first time in Sydney, at the Royal, in Monte Cristo Jr., about the 15th of August, for six or eight weeks. They are due in New York in November next.

Harry Richards, during his six or seven weeks' stay here at the Opera House, did a good business. He was followed July 7 by Ada Ward, after an absence of six years, who opened in The New Magdalen. The next production will be Carpio, a piece that gained a reputation in Australia some twenty years ago. Ada Ward's season is for twenty-four nights only.

Agnes Thomas, who came to Australia with Dion Boucicault, has been the bright particular star at Frank Smith's Standard Theatre, appearing in East Lynne, Janet's Pride and Run to Earth.

Next Saturday an Australian version of Mr. Barnes of New York, under the title of A Life for a Life; or, A Sister's Oath, will be produced for the first time on any stage. At the Alhambra Music Hall, also leased to Frank Smith, Fields and Hanson, the musical comedians, are still giving their entertainment, being much enjoyed.

Frank Clark's All Star comb. of burlesque and minstrel artists have had possession of the Academy of Music for the past three weeks. May Cameron and Wilson and Cameron are still with the show, and hold their own against all comers, but the great attraction is the Donaldson Brothers (Fred and Leon), contortionists, boa constrictors and physiological marvels, who gave a private exhibition recently in the presence of the medical faculty of Sydney, who were simply astounded at the marvellous feats performed by them. Frank Clark's co. will give place next Saturday to Hiscock and Friedman's New English Specialty co., consisting of six people recently engaged in England by Harry Friedman. They will be assisted by Hiscock's Renowned Federal Minstrels.

George Rignold, of Her Majesty's Theatre, has struck out at last by reviving the Lights of London, and introducing for the first time in this city a real water scene, into which Rignold, as Harold Armitage, takes a header and rescues Seth Freeze, amidst cyclones of applause from an audience numbering upward of 1,500 people. Roland Watt Phillips, who recently arrived from Europe, plays the part of Bess better even than she used to when here a few years ago.

The W. J. Holloway-Kais Jeyans season of twenty-four nights at the Criterion, under the management of Brough and Boucicault, was an equal success, the houses being packed each night to witness representations of Shakespeare. They are at present on their way to Adelaide, where they open July 21 for three weeks, thence to Prince's Theatre, Melbourne, Aug. 11, meeting the season of six weeks. Brough and Boucicault's A company followed the Kais Jeyans company, and produced for the first time here Mark Melford's play, Turned Up, which is still running to first-class business, with Robert Brough, Dion Boucicault, Florence Hayes, E. W. Royce, Manning and others in the cast. The next piece will be On Change, and after that Modern Wives, in which Nina Boucicault, who is expected by the Melbourne press to be the first to appear at the Criterion, will appear in Sydney at the Criterion. Here the Boucicaults are the only company working through New Zealand at the present time, and are doing well.

Signor Tesoro's French Comedy company commenced operations at the Gaiety Theatre, Melbourne, last Saturday. There are some ten or twelve French artists introduced by subscription to Australia, thanks to the energy of Signor Tesoro, and up to the time of writing they have done a sensational business. Their line is pure comedy. Many of the pieces we have seen in English; therefore they are fully appreciated.

Perry and Lulu Ryan are again in Sydney and will reappear at the Protestant Hall, next Saturday night. From Adelaide I hear Charles Warren, Garner and Musgrove's management, playing such pieces as Drunk, Lady of Lyons, Hamlet, The Barrister, Dora, Romeo and Juliet, Old Heads and New Hearts, Scandal, Fool's Revenge, London Assurance, etc. He is well supported by Isabel Morris, Daisy Chester, Envy Watt Tanser, Herbert Fleming, H. H. Vincent, Frank Cates, Gertrude Warren and Emma Chambers. After Adelaide Mr. Warren goes to Brisbane, which city is at present occupied by Williamson, Garner and Musgrove's Opera company, including Leonora Braham, Dances Young, Alice Barrett, William Boston, Knight Aston and others—the trump card being Dorothy.

At the Gaiety, Alfred Dampher and his clever daughter Lily, together with a strong company, are appearing in a round of pieces, such as The Royal Coat of Arms, The Coal Pits, His Natural Life, Hamlet, Royal Pardon, Green Leaves of England, etc.

Williamson, Garner and Musgrove's London Gaiety Theatre company, the shining light being Nellie Farren, opened at the Prince's Theatre in Melbourne June 16 in Monte Cristo, Jr., to the largest house ever known in Melbourne. They are still playing there, and likely to be another month.

Amy Sherwin and her opera company are at the Opera House, producing all the well-known and favorite English operas. Last Saturday Dora Wiley, a recent arrival from America, made her first appearance in Melbourne in La Scapinelle. Miss Beaumont is also one of Amy Sherwin's company.

The Lynch Family of Bellingers are at the Athenaeum Hall, Melbourne. They meditate a trip to America at no distant date.

Frank M. Clark's No. 1 All Star company still reigns at the Victoria Hall, Sydney, the innovator, is back with them, and Saturday next they announce the first appearance in Australia of A. W. Tilson and Lee Carroll, America's representative sketch artists.

Brough and Boucicault's No. 1 Comedy co. reappeared at the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne, last Saturday, in Robert Buchanan's comedy, Bachelors, when Lillian Gilmore, a daughter of Emily Thorne and niece of Thomas Thorne, of the Vauclville, London, made her first bow to an Australian audience, and at once became a great favorite. G. W. Anson, who has been with Williamson, Garner and Musgrove's company in Australia, has entered in the service of Brough and Boucicault for one year. Hamilton J. Magee continues to represent Brough and Boucicault in the front of the house.

## CASINO.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson Broadway and 30th Street  
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.  
50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents.  
Reserved seats, 50c and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$2, \$3, \$5.

The Sparkling Comic Opera in three acts, entitled

NADJY.

Great Cast. Chorus of 65. Orchestra of 26.  
MAGNIFICENT NEW COSTUMES; SCENERY, etc.  
ROOF GARDEN CONCERT AFTER OPERA.

## ST. GEORGE, STATEN ISLAND.

EVERY EVENING AT 8:30 O'CLOCK.  
IMRE KIRALFY'S  
Colossal Historical Spectacle.

NERO:  
OR, THE FALL OF ROME.

THE GRANDTEST PRODUCTION OF THE AGE.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Boats leave Battery every 10 minutes. Fare only 10 cents. Amusement grounds directly opposite the ferry landing. Admission, 50c; Grand Stand 25c extra. Tickets for sale at principal R. R. stations, Brentano's, on Union Square, at all Elevated R. R. stations, and at all principal hotels.

## WINDSOR THEATRE.

Bowery near Canal Street.  
FRANK B. MURTHA, Sole Proprietor.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

The talented actress Miss ROSE OSBORNE, supported by RUSSELL BASSETT, Bartley Campbell's comedy,

FATE.

Matinee—WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

## MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager.

Gillette's Delightful Comedy,

A LEGAL WRECK.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

## H. R. JACOBS (Thalia).

OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

(Bowery, below Canal.)

Reserved Seats 50c, 30c and 20c.

Matinee—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

## THIS WEEK | EDWIN ARDEN in

EAGLE'S NEST.

Aug. 27—FRANK I. FRAYNE.

## H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVE. THEATRE.

Corner 31st Street.

NOW PERMANENTLY OPEN.

Reserved Seats 50c, 30c and 20c.

Matinee—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

## THIS WEEK | N. S. WOOD in

WAIFS OF NEW YORK.

Aug. 27—STREETS OF NEW YORK.

## LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Ave. and 23d St. 8:15

DANIEL FRANKMAN

Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2.

E. H. SOTHERN

and Mr. Frohman's Comedy Company in the new play

by De Mille and Belasco,

LORD CHUMLEY.

Cast includes C. B. Bishop, Herbert Archer, F. Carlyle, R. Buckstone, George Backus, A. W. Gregory, Belle Archer, Dora Leslie, Etta Hawkins, Fanny Addison.

## BROADWAY THEATRE.

Broadway, 41st Street and 7th Avenue.

Manager, Mr. FRANK W. SANGER.

Handsome and Complete Theatre in the World.

J. C. DUFF OPERA COMPANY

in the most successful comic opera ever produced.

THE QUEEN'S MATE.

Evenings at 8; Saturday Matinee at 2. Admission, 50c.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

La Salle and Manager, Mr. T. H. FRENCH.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

KATE CLAXTON in THE WORLD AGAINST HER

Next week—JIM THE PENMAN.



## The Giddy Gusher.



There are a good many things this free and enlightened land must stop doing before it can lay claim to be civilized. One of them is now transpiring about twenty blocks away from THE MIRROR office. Men, clothed in good tailor-made suits, with door-plates on their front doors, with matinee-going wives, gum-chewing daughters and cigarette-smoking sons, are gathered mysteriously busy behind heavy iron doors, choking a young man to death in the name of the law.

The murky skies are weeping overhead; there is a sob on the wet Summer air, as if the deed was one the heavens refused to smile upon. From every human heart at the last hour comes the great wailing cry, "Have mercy!" At the first approach of the grim summons, the wild appeal rings out, "Spare me!"

How in the name of reason do these mortals dare ask of a Creator that which they have denied the creature? The wicked man who in a burst of passion has killed his fellow-man should be punished. He should labor unrewarded from the rising of the sun till the time sets upon his unseeing eyes. To the United States man, with his schemes for joint stock companies, his hopes of political advancement, and his confidence in his own ability, this unpaid life of labor, this restricted sphere, will be an awful punishment.

As things go now the taking of life as a lawful punishment for crime is as great a blot upon our civilization as the jabbing of knives or planting of bullets in our fellow-creatures in moments of passion.

Every newspaper in the country would laud the act of a party who would save from death some miserable fellow, and hand him over safe and sound to a distracted mother, who watched the peril of her child with the great agony only a mother can know. How can they excuse the act that has brought the torment of the damned into the soul of that poor mother this morning? I suppose the Lord sees the evening papers; He sees sparrows fall (Ingersoll says He pays altogether too much attention to sparrows), and I don't believe He's going to discriminate favorably between the choking of that poor wretch in the Toms this morning and the shooting at 73 Park Row the day before.

The sickening scenes on the gallows have such a fascination for the average man, that nice, kind-hearted, refined gentlemen run round and use great exertions to be made deputy sheriffs, so they can go in and look at a dying wretch. Good God! It seems impossible that one mortal should desire to see another in the throes of a violent death, but he does. It's all wrong; that's barbarism; that's a remnant of the old conditions that conducted inquisitions, put fathers and mothers in rocking chairs along the rivers' banks, stuffed their holes with mud, and left 'em to die because they were too old to work; disembowled poor devils and put wisps of straw into the vacuum, lavishing digestion to go on, and try new conclusions.

It's no improvement to substitute electricity for a rope. We have no right to call ourselves civilized while we slay our brother in the name of the law, any more than if we kill him in a pot-house brawl over a primary election discussion.

I am quite delighted with the way the tea-pot fund for Ben and Mrs. Ben Baker is coming on. I counted up \$45 last week from Dr. Robertson, J. M. Hill, A. M. Palmer, James Collier, Joe Haworth, Harrison Fiske, J. J. Spies, Captain Connor and yours truly. Since then I have had all these replies, and lots still coming. Rachel Macaulay writes:

"He deserves a substantial proof of the regard entertained for him in the hearts of his professional children." RACHEL MACAULEY, \$2.

"Enclosed find my check; if a larger remittance is required let me know. I will send it cheerfully for my first manager, Ben Baker." ISAAC B. RICH, \$5, Boston.

"Dear, good Uncle Ben, I hasten to send my mite." LIZZIE SAFFORD GILLESPIE, \$5, Brooklyn.

"For the tea-set for our esteemed friend, Ben Baker." GEORGIE REYNOLDS, \$1.

Mary Ada Penfield sends \$1.

"Your efforts are enlisted in a good cause. Ben Baker deserves a handsome recognition of the estimation in which he is held as a faithful officer and honest man." FRANK E. AIKEN, \$5.

"I love Uncle Ben and Mrs. Uncle Ben. Here's a strainer for the nose of the prospective tea-pot." PEARL EYTINGE, \$2.

"I don't know the gentleman, but I admire the institution he serves so faithfully, and want to help your pet scheme." GEORGE H. WATERS, Highbridge, \$2.

"At a dollar a head, Ben Baker will value his tea set all the more, representing the number of his friends as well as the esteem in which he is held." SIDNEY ROSENFELD, \$1, Yonkers.

"I delight to honor so excellent a friend." ELIZABETH PONISI, \$5.

"I add my mite to the many who will respond, desiring to show my esteem for that admirable gentleman, Ben Baker." THOMAS C. ORNDORF, \$1, Worcester, Mass.

"There's no doubt of the tea set success if every friend of Ben Baker sends a dollar. Here's mine." BELLE DUNLOP, \$1, Hartford, Conn.

"I have no doubt but your efforts will be crowned with success." T. H. MCCLELLAN, \$2, Boston, Mass.

"For Uncle Ben's silver tea-set." MITTENS WILLETT, \$1, Philadelphia.

"I am delighted to join in the testimonial to dear Mr. Baker." AUGUSTA FOSTER, \$1, Chicago.

"For the Ben Baker testimonial." OCTAVIA ALLEN, \$1.

"With the heartiest best wishes I send my mite, as an acknowledgment of indebtedness to Heaven for giving the Actors' Fund so faithful a friend as Ben Baker." SIDNEY ARMSTRONG, \$5, Asbury Park.

"For Ben Baker." C. J. HALL, \$1, Charlotte, Mich.

"Enclosed find my donation toward Uncle Ben's tea-set." ADELE CLARKE, \$2.

"After all the donations are in, if you haven't got enough I will be happy to send the balance for dear Mr. Baker." HANNAH WYLE, \$1.

JESU, \$1.

"Most cheerfully." H. G. FISKE, \$5.

"It is a delight to give that dear Uncle Ben what he deserves." MR. AND MRS. MARK DAVIS, \$1; LITTLE DOLORES DAVIS, \$1, Newark, New York.

"Your letter just received, in which you ask if I will be willing to chip in a V toward the silver set to be given to Ben Baker. You can put me down for an X—no excuse, but a plain simple ten for so worthy a person as Uncle Ben." H. C. MINER, \$10.

And so the good work goes on. If the readers of THE MIRROR could have seen Ben Baker's face when he read last week's Gusher, they would know what surprise and pleasure looked like mapped out on the human countenance, and when he reads the list to-day I want to be near. What a delight it is to even indirectly be the cause of happiness to others.

This is a busy week for me. I'm running round with Mary Fiske, who is trying to find a business hair in her head. She's the best friend I ever had, and having clung to me in joy and sorrow, now that she's trying to be a dramatic authoress, I won't desert her. However I'll show my fairness and justice as a critic next week, and sit in judgment on her play as dispassionately as if it had been written by Lydia Pinkham or Belva Lockwood.

And so, busily, happily and hopefully, you find this week your GIDDY GUSHER.

## Gleanings of the Week.

It is a matter of history that the old Sadlers Wells Theatre, London, has from time to time had real water for the production of lake and other water scenes. There is a shallow tank under the stage which can be uncovered and which is supplied by the flow from the old spa or spring which gave its name to the theatre. The date of at least one such instance of its use is fixed by an advertisement in the London Times of Wednesday, Aug. 15, 1821, which Rose Osborne has sent to THE MIRROR:

## SADLERS WELLS THEATRE.

This evening and during the week will be performed the highly comic burletta in three acts, called The Haunted Chamber, after which Messieurs Decour and Kabrat, the renowned French Herculeses, will go through their wonderful performances. To conclude with The Chieftain's Oath. The last scene will represent the borders of a spacious lake of real water.

An anecdote concerning this tank was published in Sydney Chidley's work on scene-painting some three years back. Mr. Greenwood, the manager of Sadlers Wells under Samuel Phelps' regime, was a dandy of the old school, resembling a cross between Cruikshank's ideal of Mr. Pickwick and the original stage Paul Pry. A stage hand on one occasion left open the trap after going into the tank to clean it. Mr. Greenwood went sailing along with gold spectacles on nose and a large umbrella under his arm. His costume was tight-fitting yellow nankeen pantaloons and gaiters, shoes with silver buckles, a very long waistcoat with large pockets of a pattern like a flower bed, a shirt with an enormous frilled front, tall collar, yards of necktie, a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, and lastly, a white hat with a very broad brim. Never thinking of the trap, Greenwood went plump into the water, emerging like a drowned rat, and using such "swear words" that everybody got out of his way and left him in solitary possession of the whole theatre.

Klaw and Erlanger have been selected as stakeholders by quite a number of professionals betting on the coming Presidential election. At the present moment they hold between \$2,000 and \$3,000. One of the most singular of the bets is that of Emil Boulter, manager of the Masonic Temple, Louisville, who staked \$100 to \$3 with Harry Kennedy that the State of Kentucky will go Democratic by a majority of 20,000. It is evident that Mr. Kennedy

will not risk much of his White Slave and Lights and Shadows profits on the wager.

Last week THE MIRROR gave the brief views of an indignant dramatist upon the question, "Do Actors Create Parts," and with perhaps a little acerbity assumed the negative position. The article has drawn forth a reply from T. D. Frawley, which we print below, in which he advances opposing opinions, and gives several good reasons therefor. The question has long been discussed in the profession, but we believe has never yet found its way into print. THE MIRROR would be pleased to give the succinct ideas of dramatists and actors upon the subject. Doubtless the "indignant dramatist" will reply to Mr. Frawley should his letter come to his notice: "In your last issue, under the caption 'Gleanings of the Week,' 'Indignant Dramatist' makes an assertion that I challenge. His assertion is that actors *never* create: that they do not even *originate*. To use his own words, 'An actor has about as much to do with creating a character as an organ-grinder has in creating the music that comes from his instrument.' Well, if we seriously consider this absurd simile, what would be the necessity of having actors? Why not use marionettes or automata? The dramatist might then work his characters with strings, or, if flesh and blood be necessary, regardless of skill or creative genius, why not engage organ-grinders? It would be much cheaper, and according to 'Indignant Dramatist's' organ-grinding theories, it would be just as effective. Why do dramatists seek the most skillful actors to give life to their thoughts? I hold that the dramatist is the idealist, and the actor the materialist. The dramatist's idealizations cannot be called creations until materialized. For instance, a dramatist referring to a character in his play would not say, 'I created that character.' He would say, 'I sketched that character.' The dramatist's work is merely a skeleton; it remains for the actor to make flesh and blood of it—a living spirit—a creature of life. Is he not then the creator? Richard Whately, D. D., Dublin University, in his 'Element of Rhetoric,' says on a similar subject, 'That man could not have made himself is appealed to as a proof of the agency of a divine creator.' So with the dramatist; that his idealization does not become a creation until materialized, is very palpable. Therefore I claim that actors do create."

THE MIRROR is daily in receipt of myriads of applications from all over the country from persons desirous of becoming members of its provincial staff. Some of them are especially amusing, and cause many a laugh from the correspondence editor. The following, however, is a particularly fresh one, and it is printed *verbatim et literatim* to show to what lengths ignorance and assurance will carry some people. It is quite evident the school-master is abroad in the Texas circuit:

GALVESTON AUG. 11 1888.  
Mr. Harrison Gray Fish New York:  
DEAR SIR—I am running a small Sporting Paper in Galveston. And would like to be one of your corresponders for this City. (The New York Mirror) I must say I have had a little experience in the News Paper Business, and if you would give it to me I could write you all some very good items from this city of Base Ball Theatrical and all Sporting news that is if you all have so correspond down here, I would like it very much to get that position. My age is 19 years old and was born and raised in Galveston Texas. So you can see I ought to know a little something about my own town. So if you can give me the pleasure of being your Corresponder you will not regret it. I guarantee it. Yours Truly,

## The First and Last Performance.

It seems the curtain of the old California Theatre did not fall for the last time upon Wallick's Cattle King, as was feared it might. A spasm of indignation evidently seized the San Francisco heart at this presumed desecration of its famous temple, and a final performance was arranged, in which Jefferey Lewis appeared as Stephanie in Forget-Me-Not. We don't know whether the play was selected on account of its title or not, but it was significantly appropriate to the occasion. An oversight, however, was the omission of E. J. Buckley's name from the cast. As Mr. Buckley was in San Francisco on both occasions, and was in the first performance in 1869, he should have been prevailed upon to have appeared in the last—nearly twenty years afterward. As a matter of interest the programmes of the first and last performances are appended:

## THE FIRST NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Leases.....Messrs. BARRETT and McCULLOUGH.  
This complete dramatic edifice will be opened for the reception of the public for the first time, MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 18, 1869.  
On which occasion the entertainment will consist of the

OPENING ADDRESS.  
From the pen of F. Bret Ha-te, Esq. delivered by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, after which will be enacted Lord Lytton's standard comedy, entitled

MONEY.  
With a superb cast of characters:  
Alfred Evelyn.....John McCullough  
Sir John Vesey (from the Boston Museum).....W. H. Sedley Smith  
Lord Glossmore.....E. J. Buckley  
Sir Frederick Blount (from Niblo's Garden, N. Y.).....W. F. Burroughs  
Sir Benjamin Stoot (from Niblo's Garden, N. Y.).....E. B. Holmes  
Mr. Henry Graves.....John T. Raymond  
(From the Theatre Comique, N. Y., and previously Captain Dudley Smooth.....John Wilson  
Mr. Sharro.....Frederick Franks  
Sir John's servant.....Mr. Caldwell  
Evelyn's servant.....Mr. Cleaves  
Clara Douglas (from the Haymarket Theatre, London).....Miss M. E. Gordon  
Lady Franklin.....Mrs. E. J. Buckley  
Georgina.....Mrs. Judah  
Grand opening overture, "Our Motto," composed by Charles Coppitt, of Boston, and dedicated to the California Theatre, by the orchestra and "The Twelve."

THE LAST.  
FORGET-ME-NOT.  
Stephanie, Marquise de Mohrville.....Jefferey Lewis  
Alice Vasey.....Charlotte Tittel  
Mrs. Foley.....Fannie Young  
Rose, Vicomtesse de Brissac.....Cornele Fordyce  
Sir Horace Welby.....Harry Mainhall  
Barrato.....John W. Thompson  
Prince Malcott.....Sam. Morris  
Joseph.....James H. Griffith

## Edward Aronson.



It is as his friend—not as a journalist—that I wish to write of Edward Aronson, whose young life ended so sadly, so prematurely, on Monday, and upon whose coffin I heard the sobs fall at Cypress Hill two hours ago.

Never has Mother Earth bared her soft bosom and hidden from our mortal sight a rest-seeking child that bequeathed to us sweeter memories. Never have tears of regret and grief flowed with more alacrity from scores of eyes. Never has the night of eternal sleep followed the radiance of a more blameless life.

To fully realize how firm a hold this young man had on the affections of all with whom he came in contact, it is only necessary to read the notices of his untimely death in the newspapers. Men more eminent have died and been written about at greater length, and their achievements exploited in terms of verbose eulogy, but no obituary I ever read contained the same marks of kindness, appreciation and genuine sorrow that these did which chronicled Edward Aronson's death.

Everybody that met him liked him; everybody that knew him loved him. They could not help it. There was a gentleness, a sense of delicacy and refinement, a fine conception of honor and loyalty and a spirit of honesty in him, which irresistibly attracted people.

It was my privilege to be numbered among the few who were his intimate associates from boyhood days. I saw him under all sorts of circumstances, among all sorts of people. I was admitted to his confidence and to a knowledge of his inner nature. And the better I grew to know him, the more I respected and liked him.

Many and varied are the recollections of our long friendship, which now troop through my mind in rapid procession. I recall him as the genial companion; the loyal, sympathetic friend; the energetic, dutiful man of business; the generous, charitable man of heart.

He possessed qualities which one associates rather with the man of the millenium than with the man of the bustling to-day. He always had time, however busy he might happen to be, to turn a friendly ear to the tale of distress. He made no parade of his virtues—for he was as modest as he was good—but his amiability, gentleness, tenderness of feeling, and regard for truth and honor and other people's feelings, surpassed those of any other I have known. He was possessed of safe and sober judgment—he rarely made a mistake in his estimate of those he met. He couldn't help being tolerant and kind, even to those he knew were unworthy of his consideration.

He was as entirely free from affectations as from deceit. When he told you anything you could rely on its being true. It was not necessary for him to exert himself to make friends—his winsome manner, his charming temperament and his manly merits did that.

And how conscientiously he worked for every object that enlisted his services! Perhaps the great expenditure of vitality incurred thereby helped to undermine his health. Whether it was a social club, like the Stuyvesant or Mohican, or a charitable institution like the Actors' Fund, or a benefit for some deserving purpose, Edward threw his whole heart and soul into it, and never rested until the end aimed at was accomplished. His ambition to do was greater than his strength.

For several years before his illness he worked like a galley slave at the Casino. He was always ready to undertake new duties, and he toiled early and late in order to accomplish himself that which his pride and his interest in the theatre and the success of his brother Rudolph prevented his delegating to others. He was always either at his desk in the little business manager's office there, amiably allowing himself to be bothered with the inconsiderate visits of Tom, Dick and Harry, or sitting up, robbing himself of sleep, in order to entertain somebody or other whose good-will might be of some sort of advantage to the theatre.

Often I warned him against burning both ends of the candle—a man with sturdier physique and greater vitality could not have indefinitely withstood the strain. He always smiled and replied, deprecatingly, that his work wasn't very exacting, and some day he would find time for rest. It has come now, but alas! how differently than either he or I expected.

Poor Ned! What a blow it must have been to him when the doctors compelled him to give up his duties last Winter and go away to Florida, in the vain hope of arresting the disease which had got its fatal grip upon him. But it progressed in spite of the warmth of St. Augustine and the soft air, laden with the languorous perfume of jessamine and orange

blossom. And when Summer arrived, and he came to be but a ghostly shadow of his old self, they sent him up into the North Woods to carry on the unequal battle.

He came back from the wilderness only a short time ago. There was a great change. The sentence of death was written on his emaciated face. "I've got to go," he said as he lay on his bed last Sunday night. Life was very dear to him. His heart grieved to leave so much love and brightness forever. It was hard.

And then the twilight deepened. The shades of night softly closed in upon him. The clang of the great city did not reach him. He was at peace—spared the sound of sobbing, the sight of tears.

Farewe! my friend. Tears and flowers fall thickly on your coffin along with the earth and sods at Cypress Hill. Thus watered and perfumed by love and affection, may the precious memories and associations left by you who slumber now, live until every eye that found sympathy in yours is glazed by death, and every hand that felt the honest clasp of yours is turned to ashes. H. G. F.

## Gossip of the Town.

Hattie Haines has been engaged for We Us & Co.

The Bunch of Keys company is rehearsing at the Broadway.

Laura Palmer has been engaged as leading lady of the Streets of New York.

D. H. Wilson will conduct the tour of Mr and Mrs. W. J. Florence this season.

Frederick de Belleville and wife sailed from Rotterdam for this port on Saturday last.

A. L. Canby has been engaged by A. M. Palmer as advance agent for Effie Ellsler.

William H. Strickland has been engaged as advance agent for the Eastern Jim Penman.

Madeline Lucette is busy on a new play for Annie Pixley, the scene of which is laid in Mexico.

Lotta has been passing her vacation at Lenox, Mass. She begins her tour in Milwaukee on Sept. 6.

The second joint tour of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett will begin at Minneapolis on September 17.

Dr. Howard's Jekyll and Hyde opens its season at the Avenue Theatre, New Orleans, on Sunday, Sept. 30.

Gus Pitou left yesterday for Boston, where Robert B. Mantell opens his season in Monbars next Monday night.

Mary Ada Penfield has returned to the city from Asbury Park, and is at liberty to accept offers for the coming season.

Wilhelmina Swanston has been engaged for The Kindergarten, which opened its season on Monday night at Brooklyn, E. D.

E. H. Sothorn is to play four weeks in San Francisco next May, jumping to that city direct from New York with his company.

Marion Manola, Annie Myers and Alice Gallard made individual and pronounced hits in Lorraine at Wallack's on Monday night.

In our list of Fairs last week we omitted to mention the Augusta (Ga.) National Exposition, which holds for five weeks, commencing Oct. 10.

Charles Bowser will play the part of the correspondent in Held By the Enemy next week in Baltimore, and later on his original role in She.

Edmund Collier, evidently dissatisfied with his career as a star, will forsake the firmament this season and appear as Paul Kauvar in Steele Mackaye's play.

Elsie Lombard played Miss Grahame's part in A Legal Wreck on Monday night at two hours' notice, owing to the latter's illness, and acquitted herself creditably.

A dispatch from Clara Coleman to J. J. Spies announces that the Twenty Maidens to One Dude company will close its season at Cincinnati on Saturday night next.

John W. Albaugh has bought Mr. McKivker's interest in the spectacle of A Midsummer Night's Dream, recently produced in Chicago. It is not known whether or not the author is to receive royalties.

The Country Fair, the new play for Neil Burgess, will be given its first production at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week of Oct. 8. Klaw and Erlanger are booking the time.

Mercedes Malarini, who was specially engaged for Cassy, in the new version of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which opened at the Hollis Street Theatre on Saturday last, made a most favorable impression.

Charles B. Jefferson and H. S. Taylor will open the season of The Dark Secret company at the Grand Opera House on Sept. 3. Professor Smith and his trained dogs are among the latest engagements for this organization.

Mark Lynch will play the leading heavy part in The Stowaway. Mr. Lynch was in Mrs. Langtry's company last season, and made a success as Lord Daisy. The Stowaway will follow Mathias Sandori at Niblo's Garden.

Mestayer's skit, Twenty Maidens to One Dude, is supposed to have been cribbed—or rather the idea—from an old German comedy entitled Twenty Daughters and No Son. This exemplifies the old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun."

The author of The Fugitive and The Stowaway, Tom Craven, is coming over from London to witness the first American performances of the plays. The Stowaway opens at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 17th prox., but The Fugitive will not be seen until after the election.

Rehearsals of Zig Zag have been in progress at the Metropolitan Opera House for some time, under the supervision of W. W. Tillotson. It will have its first representation at the Walnut Street Theatre on Sept. 1. From the preliminary trumpeting the comedy has received, something extremely novel is expected.

Aaron H. Woodhull, who once defied the fates as a star in Yankee characters, and who has desperate intentions of the same kind again, has written a native play entitled The Hoosier Lover. He will spring it upon a languishing public this season. If the piece is as good as the title, Mr. Woodhull may be able to pass.



















## Delights of Bucolic Life.

PARKER COUNTY, Ohio,  
Aug. 18, 1888.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest!"

Certainly. Here's a health to the departing Summer. Who will join me in a stirrup-cap? And after, crush a "smile" to usher in the welcome Fall?

What! So many Egos to my Quis? From comedy, tragedy, male and female. So many who are glad the Summer and its enforced "rests" (?) is over! The Summer that speaks of everything lovely, invigorating and rustic to all—all but the poor fake. Poor fake, I say. There are many rich and well-to-do fakes, who rejoice in yachts, cottages, villas, farms and "boxes," who glory to rub it into the poor fake by weekly reference in the papers to the stock they are raising, the sport they acquire or the knots they have made. A man I have lately parted from speaks of his "farm" in starred type, and although working for a mere pittance all Summer, talked of stock, taxes and timothy as if he were to the manor born, and cut corn in cowhide boots instead of meteorological specimens in his patent shoes. From private information I have learned his much-boasted farm was nothing but a damp little four-roomed cottage among a few trees upon a quarter of an acre, somewhere in the slums of Jersey. Ah! what a world!

But there—the poor fake and the rich are alike in one thing—bound to appear what they are not. Take the poor one, who has spent his long rest in some metropolitan back room, gradually simmering to death by the glare from the neighboring brick wall; does he not, at the opening of the season, try to appear as if he had just got in, refreshed, robust and hearty from his woodland or mountain rambles? Rambles, poor fellow! Yes, rambles of the mind, flights and balloon ascensions of his vivid imagination. After all, perhaps he has the best of it, for when work once more begins, if he is nothing in his life at least nothing out; and the country, the sweet, smiling, restful, verdant, refreshing country is not acquired without paying for it, and dearly, too, if you want comfort or even necessities.

Golden sunsets and silver moons, with nature's set pieces and cut woods in 3 and 4, must be paid for in golden dollars and silver halves; and when you have them, of the best, what does it all amount to? Let poets and painters rave about the country. The rosy hue of their son's spectacles cause to produce idealized descriptions and pictures. And for what? To sell.

I once traveled with an artist friend. We would paint or draw the same subject. "Idealize me boy, idealize," was his perpetual cry. "cut out, extend, elevate, depress," and all to suit the public taste. He would make a beautiful result as unlike the natural subject as mine was true and ugly. I'm not an artist, but I do claim to have a truthful eye, and maintain that art true to nature would have a sorry time of it and be apt to go supperless to bed.

Does the poet—I mean the poet *par excellence*—and not the doggerel maker—does he speak of the horrors that abide in and surround the beauties of "the country"? Not much. The imagination must be stroked and tickled, not knocked over by hard facts. To write of the agony of the double-ended mosquito, or the self-feeding, horizontal-action black flies are chestnuts which I leave to funny men. They (the flies) are of the flesh—fleshy, and comedy, to be unctious, must be also fleshy.

But the nervous horrors that go with the word "country"! The crawling what-is-it—the hard water—the heat—the scorched grass—the dust, make-shifts and disappointments. What is to be said of them in the *bona fide* country?

Not the hotel piazza and esplanade country (at \$5 a minute), but the beautiful, open country of say—Ohio. Miles from towns, where wells dry up, ice is a curiosity and ham a dreadful and diabolical certainty. Where you see the rosy cherry and tempting apple, but when you want them the birds have captured the one and the worms have already dined off the other. Where dogs a mile apart hold conversations in different keys through the night, to give place to discordant roosters in the early morning. The confounded dogs sleep all day and the roosters go back to bed (until it is time for them to continue their matrimonial obligations) just when the Summer boarder is expected to get up and regale himself at his host's hospitable board of cider and pie.

Of these minutiae of a country holiday the poor fake in his aforesaid metropolitan back room is in ignorance—at least by experience. But I, of the country pure and simple, "speak whereof I know and could speak right on." It's a myth, a delusion, a man trap. (Let our friend "Polly" deny it if she dare). I say, I am of the country. Let me add, for the present only.

My work, of which, thank Government, I had a few weeks, was over also too soon for my pocket-book, and being uncompromisingly and honestly broke (I'm not ashamed to own it—it's chronic in my family) I sought employment for fun, experience and board at a neighboring farmhouse. Neighboring (it's a good word) to a pump, a dried up stream where "minnows" are not caught, and forty miles from nowhere.

Yes, I'm a hired man; a good deal higher than my master, in more ways than one, though not quite as deep, for had his *lot* been cast in a metropolis instead of one hundred rods from the county pike I am sure he would have made a first-class confidence man or city absorber.

He's the first at the table and gets away with a good meal while "the help" is "cleaning his self" at the "neighboring," and then howls against being kept waiting, quieting his conscience with the original and beautiful homily, "Leavin' is for legards."

He is as bad as some managers I know—constantly trying to ring in a matinee, as it were. For although he, the help, rise at four and do a good hour's plowing, raking, scratching or something equally harrowing to the tortured earth, on an empty stomach (or rather two empty stomachs), he suggested as a great treat we should cut corn by moonlight—because it's too hot in the day. It's never too hot, though, to dig potatoes or pick sticky suckers off tobacco, or such duties that require light.

Cutting corn by moonlight sounds romantic—and accompanied by a chorus of "Macy be-stockinged" young ladies might prove a drawing card, provided Edwin Booth, Salvini and a few eccentric comedians were cast for the cutters. It would make a stunning stand, too. But the reality is not in it. Do you know what cutting corn is? Five to the North, five to the South, five to the East and five West—a square of ten stalks or hills. Commencing in the centre or at five and six, which you tie together making the "gibbet" and cutting around till you get an armful which is piled against it. By the time you get to the outside of the square the walk becomes tedious, and by moonlight you tumble over yourself and get your pants filled with a variety of bug-ological specimens worthy of more notice than is generally bestowed. You don't cut corn with a pen-knife or a file, but you are armed with a murderous, disappointed Othello sword—like some stories I have heard, small at the start, very broad at the end and absolutely without point. It gives a thumping blow and is quite easy to handle after a week or so of practice; that is, provided you don't cut your leg off before you graduate.

I'm getting along fine at this moonlight business. I have a private arrangement with the rest of the help whereby he cuts my share while I sleep on a fence (a zig-zag affair emanating from Virginia), and in return I spout Shakespeare or recite my own verses (shew!) and tell him theatrical lies as we jog along in the half-light of early morning with a load of melons or "taters to the nearest railroad crossing."

This other half of the help is a dandy from head to foot—Ham Pegotty and the Dodger combined. He thinks he's a wild young coot, but he is as ignorant of everything not pertaining to mould as a sucking snuffish. He, however, knows something of the catfish. He knows his name, which is Bright Seas, though who gave him that name or the responsibility of the giver, he knows nothing. I won his admiration by solemnly swearing I never had a wart, of which fungi he has a fine crop—almost as fully developed and a great deal more frequent than his fingers. His hands would puzzle a Paris glove-maker.

For the reverse of "poetry of motion" (I don't know what it is or would write it) he is a master. Never moves without upsetting something or treading on the cat. The temper of the "gray mare" is tried at every meal by his spillings and smashings. Clumsy! Well, for pure, unadulterated, 13 lithographic, three-ringed "clums" he hypothesizes the harmonia, upon which he plays every Sunday to my distraction.

Of the earth, earthy. The much loved phrase of Ovid. No wonder Burns gaily ploughed and other great and corn-fed geill pocked their shining valises and made tracks for brick and mortar. I leave next week and shall soon be in New York. At least, I hope so. I'm safe on the question of extra baggage, though Bright wants to force a ball tierrier slung upon me as a parting gift. If I have to take it, and can't lose it en route, I shall probably make a sensation on Broadway.

I started by proposing a toast. Let us drink: "Here's health and prosperity to the coming season."

Once more a friend we'll treat,  
Till comes by the moon;  
At home once more eat,  
(Yes, and say)  
"The worst I ever saw!"

A PARTY BY THE NAME OF JOHNSON.

## Gossip of the Town.

Eleven theatres are now open in this city. Sadie Martinot sails for this city from Europe on Sept. 1.

Lewis Baker has been engaged by Litt and Davis for The Stowaway.

Thomas Canary will have two companies on the road the coming season.

Charley Reed has just had published his new negro song, "No Flies on Jasper."

Leon Mayer was married recently to Gertrude Morehouse, of Norwalk, Ct.

Rehearsals of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera began at the Casino on Tuesday.

Edward Solomon has been engaged as musical director of the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Mrs. Elizabeth Foster Humphreys, the mother of Mrs. Louis Barrett, died on Friday last.

Richard Mansfield is said to have sold the English provincial rights of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Laura Fontaine has been engaged to play Kippapoo in The Arabian Nights company.

J. K. Emmett has purchased from S. W. Smith, of Leeds, England, the St. Bernard dog "Pinalimmon."

L. M. Ruben left by the *Hammonia* for Hamburg on Thursday last, to secure musical talent for this country.

Among the professionals who may shortly be expected back from Europe are Sydney Rosenfeld, Dixey and Rosina Vokes.

Denman Thompson and company are rehearsing the new version of The Old Homestead at the Amphion, Brooklyn, E. D.

The receipts of The Wife's four weeks' engagement in San Francisco, which closed last Saturday night, were said to be \$33,000.

The Arabian Nights company, forty-six in number, left town on Saturday night for St. Louis, where the season will open Sept. 2.

The management of the new Academy of Music, Newburg, N. Y., has been placed in the hands of A. Stanley Wood, of that city.

Evans and Hocy have brought from England two new farce-comedies, The Murderer, by Frank Rogers, and another by Edgar Malleson.

Harris' Dramatic Courier is the title of a neat and newsy four-page paper published in Baltimore by F. Harris. S. H. Friedlander is the editor.

John H. Brannick, a clever young comedian, has been engaged for the leading juvenile roles with Boyd and Sisson's Old Kentucky Home.

Manager Gustave Amberg sailed for Europe on Saturday last on *La Bourgogne*. Among the other voyagers were Laura Clement and Gerald Coventry.

These are the days when the rehearsing professional lieth himself to the baseball matches at the Polo grounds, and snooteth off his dramatic eloquence at ye humble pick-up of Johnnie Danvray-Ward, and betteth his supper money on ye New Yorks.

John H. Springer will star John T. Kelly the season of 1889 in a comedy by the Irish comedian himself.

According to late English advices the music of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera is more in the line of opera comique than any of their former productions.

Clay Clement has been spending the Summer on his father's farm, near Peoria, Ill. He will visit Niagara Falls for a few weeks before returning to New York.

C. J. Walker telegraphed to THE MIRROR from Cincinnati on Monday that he has resigned from the management of Metastayer's Twenty Maidens to One Dude company.

Robert B. Mantell's company are rehearsing at the Grand Opera House in this city, prior to opening their season at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Aug. 27.

When Held by the Enemy opens its season and that of the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on Aug. 27, it will be in the presence of the Governor of Maryland and his entire staff.

Knowles and Morris have a score of painters at work at the Amphion, Brooklyn, on the new scenery to be used in the productions of Fred Ward, who opens the house Sept. 8.

Graham Crawford and wife have arrived in the city from Red Bank, N. J., where they have been spending the Summer, and have been re-engaged for Janaschek's company.

Fred J. Titus and Lydia Yeamans Titus arrived in this country from England on the *State of Nevada* last Thursday. The latter is engaged for the Howard Athenaeum Specialty company.

Marcus J. Jacobs, general treasurer of H. R. Jacobs' Imperial Amusement Circuit, has appointed J. McCartney assistant general treasurer for the circuit. Mr. McCartney lately represented the Barnum-Bailey Circus.

Manager Bunnell, of the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, has booked most of the prominent attractions, among which are included Booth and Barrett, Clara Morris, the Bostonians and the new version of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Gerald Coventry, stage manager of She, and Laura Clements, who enacted the leading role in that play, sailed for Europe on Saturday, to be gone one month, during which time they will secure complete new costumes for the piece.

Mattie Vickers will appear this season in *Jacqueline* and *Cherub* and a new play by E. A. Locke. The tour begins Sept. 1, and will include all the principal cities from Chicago West to Denver, and afterward the principal Eastern cities.

Clara Lane, who sang the title role in The Pearl of Pekin at the Bijou Opera House, has been engaged for the Carleton Opera company, which opens its season at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept. 17, in *Pauline* and *Jakobowaki's* new opera, *Mynheer Jan*.

Certain portions of Broadway between Twenty-sixth and Thirty-first streets are becoming infested with the same obnoxious class of theatrical hangers-on that formerly made the Square a public nuisance. Reputable managers and actors conduct their business within doors.

The Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Brooklyn, E. D., will open on Aug. 27. Among the attractions booked are Mrs. Langtry, J. K. Emmet, Maggie Mitchell, Rosina Vokes, Robert Mantell, A. Possible Case, Annie Pixley, Duff's Opera company, Lydia Thompson, Herrmann and others.

Included in the season's attractions for the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, which opens on September 1 with *Siberia*, are Maggie Mitchell, Midsummer Night's Dream, Frederick Ward, Roland Reed, The Arabian Nights, Kate Claxton, The Fairy Well, Hallan and Hart in *Later On*, The Stowaway and She.

Fred Solomon has composed and orchestrated a new Moorish march, entitled "The Calise March," and dedicated it to Rudolph Aronson. It will be heard for the first time at the one hundredth performance of Nadjy at the Casino next Saturday night. In the composition Mr. Solomon has endeavored to produce the sound of a caravan of camels crossing a desert.

The Edith Sinclair Comedy company will not resume its tour until December, when it will produce an entirely new musical comedy. In the meanwhile Miss Sinclair will remain at her home in Brooklyn, devoting her time to the study of music and dancing, while Ed. M. Favor joins Scott and Mills' Chip o' the Old Block, having been secured for their California engagement.

A pretty *entr'acte* will be introduced in Frank Tanshill's *Struck Gas*, by Harry Pepper, the tenor. It consists of a song, written by Fred Dixon, to music by Mr. Pepper, entitled "Pictures of Home." The theatre will be darkened, and as each verse recalls a memory of the past, an appropriate picture is produced upon the stage by means of a mechanical illusion. It was tried at St. Louis successfully.

Robert B. Monroe, of Monroe and Rice, who has been to Paris to secure original designs for new costumes for the My Aunt Bridget company, has returned well pleased with his success. All the dresses to be worn by the company this season will be from new and special designs of two celebrated Parisian artists. They will also introduce three electrical novelties and the Berlin Aeronaughts or Flying Pig. Besides this they have a mechanical dog, a trick revolver, a flying lobster and a dancing bustle worked by a singing skeleton.

The Grand Opera House in Brooklyn has undergone a most complete metamorphosis. Its former patrons would scarcely know it now, for it is simply a new theatre. The painters and decorators have completed their work, and the building is now in the hands of the finishers, and will be opened on Sept. 1 with *Siberia*, to be followed by the choicest companies of the day. Messrs. Knowles and Morris have spent a small fortune in rebuilding the Grand, and it is now one of the handsomest theatres in New York State.

The following people have been engaged through the Dramatic Bureau of the Actors' Fund: Fred Roberts, for Mme. Janaschek's company; Victory Baleman, to support Creston Clarke; Gertrude Wood and Estelle Gilbert, for Over the Garden Wall; Maurice Pike, Walter Woodall and Laura Booth, for Under the Gaslight; William Constantine and Judith Berrold, for Kate Claxton's company; Nellie Baia, for Zig-Zag; Edward Ryan, Mrs. W. F. Horton, Margaret Hatch, Fred Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. De LaCere, L. P. Hicks and

W. J. Mack, for One of the Finest; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Munroe, for The Paymaster; Russell Childs, for Skipped by the Light of the Moon, and Jessie West, for The Twelve Temptations.

## DATES AHEAD.

Managers and Agents of travelling companies will favor us by sending their advance dates every week, mailing them in time to reach us on Monday.

## DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

ANNIE PICKLEY CO.: Boston Sept. 17.  
A TIT SOLDIER CO.: Peoria, Ill., Aug. 25.  
ARABIAN NIGHTS CO.: St. Louis Sept. 2.  
A NIGHT OF CO.: Hanover, Pa., Sept. 17.  
A POSSIBLE CASE CO.: Boston Sept. 1.  
A BRAVE MONKEY CO.: Worcester, Mass., Sept. 10.  
ADONIS CO.: Ashbury Park, N. J., Sept. 1.  
ARTHUR REHMAN'S CO.: Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 17.  
A BUNCH OF KEYS CO.: Trenton, N. J., Sept. 1.  
AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS CO.: Boston, Mass., Aug. 20—week; Worcester Sept. 29, Springfield 30, Holyoke 31.  
BROOKLYN HEAT CO.: Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 23.  
MANCHESTER 24, Fort Edward, N. Y., 25, Salem 27, Saratoga 28, Glens Falls 29, Shushan 30, Housick Falls 31.  
BLACK FLAG CO.: Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 20—week.  
CORNER GROCERY CO.: Catskill, N. Y., Aug. 23, Pittsfield, Mass., 24, Cohoes, N. Y., 25.  
C. A. GARDNER'S OUR KARL CO.: Cleveland, O., Aug. 20—week; Buffalo, N. Y., 27—week; Detroit Sept. 3—week.  
CHICAGO COMEDY CO.: Milford, Ill., Aug. 23—25.  
CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK CO.: Owosso, Mich., Aug. 24, Jackson 25, Grand Rapids 27—week.  
CHARLES E. VERNER CO.: Cincinnati, O., Aug. 25, Minneapolis, Minn., 27—week; St. Paul Sept. 3—week.  
CLARE SCOTT CO.: Fall River, Mass., Sept. 5.  
CRYSTAL SLIPPER CO.: Chicago, July 26—Indefinite.  
CORA VAN TASSEL CO.: Olean, N. Y., Aug. 23, Cuba 24, Jamestown 25, Corty, Pa., 27, Titusville 28, Erie 29, Ashland, O., 30, Warren 31, Greenville Sept. 1.  
CHARLES ELLIS CO.: Utica, N. Y., Aug. 27.  
CHAMPRAUD-ANDERSON CO.: Philadelphia Aug. 25—week.  
DORR DAVIDSON CO.: Wilmington, Del., Sept. 1—5.  
LANCASTER, Pa., 6—8, Detroit 16—week.  
DORR DAVIDSON CO.: Biddford, Me., Aug. 23.  
DOVER, N. H., 24, Amesbury, Mass., 25, Waltham 26, Boston Aug. 27—two weeks.  
DERMAN THOMPSON: New York, Aug. 30—Indefinite.  
DICKSON CO.: Chicago Aug. 30—week.  
DARK SECRET CO.: New York City Sept. 3—week.  
EDWIN HANFORD CO.: Chicago Aug. 26.  
EUNICE GOODRICH CO.: Topeka, Kan., Aug. 20—week; Fort Smith, Ark., 27, Little Rock Sept. 3.  
EYRE ELLIS CO.: New York City Aug. 20—week.  
EYRE KENDALL CO.: Warren, Pa., Aug. 23, Newcastle 24, Steubenville, O., 25, Wheeling, W. Va., 27—week; Pittsburgh Sept. 3—week; Washington 10—week.  
EVANGELIST CO.: New York City Aug. 20—week.  
EDWIN A. DEN CO.: N. Y. City Aug. 20—week; Trenton, N. J., 27, Haverhill, Mass., 30, Altoona 31, Chicago Sept. 3—week.  
ETHELLE CO.: N. Y. City Aug. 27.  
EMMA FRANK'S DOT CO.: Troy, N. Y., Aug. 20—week; Rochester 27—week; Montreal, Can., Sept. 3—week; Brantford 10, Galt 11, Guelph 12—15.  
FATE CO.: New York City Aug. 20—week.  
FASCINATION CO.: New York City Sept. 10—week.  
FORD CO. (Capt. Jack Crawford): Keypoint, N. J., Aug. 24, Matawan 25, Scranton, Pa., 27—8.  
FREDERICK LANGRISH CO.: Dramatic Co.: Elton Rapids, Mich., Aug. 23—24, Chicago 25.  
FLOYD CROWELL CO.: Bangor, Me., Aug. 20—week; Belfast 27, Augusta 30—Sept. 1, Brunswick 3—5.  
FLORENCE COMEDY CO.: Toronto, Can., Sept. 17—week.  
FREDERICK CO.: Bristol, Pa., Aug. 24, Burlington, N. J., 25, Reading, Pa., 27—30, Pottsville 31, Shamokin 1, Ashland Sept. 1, Milton 3, Sunbury 4, Bloomsburg 5, Latrobe 6, Newark, O., 7, Dayton 8.  
GLOCK AND STURGEON CO.: Bushnell, Ill., Aug. 20—week.  
GRANHAM EARLE CO.: Frankfort, Ind., Aug. 27—week; Goshen Sept. 3—week; Kokomo 10—week; Frankfort 17—week.  
GUY WILLIAMS' CO.: Chicago, Aug. 19—week; St. Louis 27—week.  
GOLDEN GIANT CO.: New York August 27—week.  
GEORGE J. CURTIS CO.: Dramatic Co.: Me., Aug. 20—week.  
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK CO.: Chicago Sept. 3—week.  
HALLAN AND HART'S LATER ON CO.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 27—week; Columbus, O., Sept. 3—week; Cincinnati 10—week; Louisville, Ky., 17—19.  
HOOP OF GOLD CO.: Baltimore, Aug. 27—week.  
HAMILTON'S FANTASMA CO.: Toronto, Can., Sept. 3.  
HARBOR LIGHTS CO.: Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 3.  
HAROLD HAZARD CO.: Oak Co., Eastport, Me., Aug. 27.  
H. C. CALA 28—30, Woodstock, N. B., 30, Houlton, Me., 1, Old Town Sept. 1, Bangor 3, Waterville 4, Skowhegan 5, Lewiston 6, Farmington 7, Bath 8, Brunswick 9.  
HELMUTH CO.: Port Jervis, N. Y., Aug. 25.  
HOODMAN BLIND CO.: Chicago Aug. 25.  
HARDIS AND VON LERN'S CO.: Brooklyn, E. D., Aug. 27.  
HERBERT BEEHIVE CO.: Fall River, Mass., Sept. 10.  
HOLLAND COMEDY CO.: Wilmington, Del., Aug. 27—29.  
LANCASTER, Pa., Sept. 1.  
HILLMAN CO.: Bangor, Me., Aug. 30, Oskaloosa 31, Iowa City Sept. 1, Des Moines 3—week; Boone 10, Marshalltown 11, Waterloo 12, Cedar Rapids 13, Muscatine 14, Davenport 15.  
HARLOW'S LA VOYAGE EN SUISSE CO.: Philadelphia Sept. 1.  
HELD BY THE ENEMY CO.: Baltimore, Md., August 27—week.  
HE, SHE, HIM AND HER CO.: Cincinnati Aug. 20—week; St. Louis 27—week; Chicago Sept. 3—week.  
HETTY BERNARD-CHANCE CO.: San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 20—Indefinite.  
IN HIS POWER CO.: N. Y. City Aug. 27—week; Co. 28, 29, 30, 31, Housick Falls 4, Norwich 5, Ogdensburg 6—7, Mechanicville 8, Fulton 10, Syracuse 11—13, Ithaca 14, Cortland 15.  
IMPERIAL BURGLAR CO.: St. Louis Sept. 2.  
JAMES T. LEWIS COMEDY CO.: Middleport, O., Aug. 23.  
JIM THE FARMER (Eastern) CO.: Bangor, Me., Aug. 27.  
JIM THE FARMER (Western) CO.: N. Y. City Aug. 27.  
JOHN W. MURPHY: San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 13—four weeks.  
JARRON CO.: Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 20—week; Des Moines, Ia., 27.  
JAMES AND WARDEN CO.: St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 27, Minneapolis 30—Sept. 1, Duluth 3—4, Brainerd 5, Fargo, Dak., 6, Bismarck 7, Miles City, Mont., 8, Helena 10—week.  
JAMES CONNOR ROACH CO.: Brooklyn, Aug. 27—week.  
KATE CLAXTON CO.: New York, Aug. 18—week.  
KIRKPATRICK'S MATHEMATICS SANDOZ CO.: New York, Aug. 20—Indefinite.  
KIRKPATRICK'S MATHEMATICS CO.: Chicago Sept. 9—week.  
KIRKPATRICK'S MATHEMATICS CO.: Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 20—week.  
HARTFORD, Conn., 27.  
KEEP IT DARK CO.: Detroit, Mich., Aug. 25 Sept. 1, Lima, O., 3, Marion, Ind., 4, Loganport 5, Pullman, Ill., 6, Ellettsville 7, Charleston 8, Sparta 9, Keosauqua 10, Greenville 11, Newberry 12, Columbia 13, Charleston 14, Greenville 15.  
LITTLE PUCK CO.: Chicago Aug. 18—two weeks; Detroit Sept. 2—week.  
LITTLE NUGGET CO.: Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 25.  
LEZARD EVANS CO.: Ashbury Park, N. J., Aug. 27, Scandia, Mo., 30—31, Kansas City Sept. 1—9, St. Joseph 10, Leavenworth, Kas., 12, Atchison 13, Topeka 14, 15.  
LYCURIUS THEATRE WIFE CO.: Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 24—25, Denver, Colo., 27—week; Omaha, Neb., Sept. 2—5, Chicago 6—8.  
MICHAEL CO.: Troy, N. Y., Aug. 23, Mass., Aug. 23, Southbridge 24, Marlboro 25, Haverhill 27, Lowell 28—30, Lynn 30, Woonsocket, R. I., 31.  
MAUDE HARRIS CO.: Woonsocket, R. I., Sept. 1, Fall River, Mass., 3.  
MY PARTNER CO.: Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 3—week.  
MONTY CROFT (Lawrence-Vaughn) CO.: Bucyrus, O., Aug. 23, Canton 24, Alliance 25.  
MERRILL MADISON CO.: Elizabeth, N. J., Aug. 28, Holyoke, Mass., 29.  
MORA CO.: Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 3—week; Pittsfield, Mass., 10—week.  
MURRAY AND MURPHY: Mt. Clemens, Mich., August 27.  
MARKING CO.: Boston August 6 to 17.  
MAY WILKES CO.: Washington Sept. 3.  
MUGGS LANDING CO.: Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 27, Hudson 28—29, Mechanicville 30, Saratoga 31, Burlington, Vt., Sept. 1, St. Albans 2, Montpelier 3, Keosauqua, N. Y., 6, Port Henry 7, Ticonderoga 8, Whitehall 9, Fort Edward 11, Schuylers 12—15.  
MCKEE KARNIK CO.: Chicago Aug. 20—week.  
MONROE AND RICE CO.: Reading, Pa., Sept. 2, 3, Housick, N. J., 6—8, Williamsburg 12—week; Philadelphia 17—week.  
MILTON NOBLE: Philadelphia August 18—week; Washington, D. C., 20—week; Baltimore, Md., Sept. 3—week; Brooklyn, N. Y., 10, week; Jersey City, N. J., 17—week.  
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE CO.: San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 13—several weeks.

NATURAL GAS CO.: Cincinnati, O., Aug. 26—week; Cleveland Sept. 1.

N. S. WOOD'S CO.: N. Y. City Aug. 20—week.  
OUR JONATHAN CO.: Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 23.

OLIVER BYRON'S CO.: Red Bank, N. J., Aug. 23.  
ONE OF THE BRAVEST CO.: Newark, N. J., Sept. 3.  
OLIVE RADFATH: Cincinnati, O., August 18—23.  
ONE OF THE FINEST CO.: Newark, N. J., Sept. 3.  
PEOPLE'S THEATRE (G. A. Hill's Co.): Rome, N. Y., Aug. 20—week; Chittenden 27—week.

PASSION'S SLAVE CO.: Newark, N. J., 20—week; Hoboken 27—week; Philadelphia Sept. 3—week.  
PERSCOTT-MCLAREN CO.: Mayville, Ky., Aug. 22—24, Cynthiana 25, Lexington 27—30, Mt. Sterling 31, Carlisle Sept. 1, Paris 2, Louisville 6—8, Vincennes, Ind., 10—11, Terre Haute 12—13, Danville, Ill., 14, Springfield 15.

ROBERT MANTRELL CO.: Boston 8 Aug. 27—week.  
SIO PAIR CO.: Cincinnati Sept. 3—week.  
PATRICK HARRIS CO.: N. Y. City Aug. 27.

PEARL OF PEARL CO.: Cincinnati Sept. 3—week.  
PETER BAKER'S CO.: Pittsburgh Sept. 3—week; Cincinnati 9—week; Louisville 17—week.  
RENTFROW'S PATRIFINDERS: Oskaloosa, Ia., Aug. 20—week.

ROLAND REED: Boston, August 13—two weeks; Marlboro 27, Salem 28, Portsmouth, N. H., 29, Bangor, Me., 30—Sept. 1, N. Y. City 3—four weeks.  
RICHARD MANSFIELD'S CO.: London, Eng., August 4—Indefinite.

ROSE OSBORNE FATE CO.: Windsor, N. Y., Aug. 20—week; Pittsburg, Pa., 27—week.  
ROBERT RYAN CO.: Worcester, Mass., Sept. 3—week.  
RUMFORD WILCOX CO.: Albany, N. Y., Sept. 3.

RUBY LA FAYETTE CO.: Lombard, Ia., Aug. 25, Wabash, Pa., 26—week.  
R. L. DOWNING CO.: N. Y. City Sept. 3.  
SIO PAIR CO.: St. Louis Sept. 3.

SI PERKINS CO.: Port Chester, N. Y., Aug. 27.  
SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON CO.: Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 23, Kalamazoo 24, Grand Haven 25, Milwaukee 26, Chicago 27—week; Columbus, O., Sept. 3—week.

SALISBURY'S TROUBADOURS: Portland, Ore., August 20—week; Victoria 28, Port Townsend, Wash. Terr., 29, Seattle 30—31, Tacoma Sept. 1.  
SOAP BUBBLE CO.: Sacramento, Cal., Aug. 22—23, Reno, Nev., 24, Carson 25, Virginia City 27, Ogden, Utah, 28.

101 SMITH RUSSELL CO.: Detroit Aug. 23—25, London, Can., 27, Hamilton 28, Toronto 29 Sept. 1, East Saginaw, Mich., 3, Bay City 4, Flint 5, Muskegon 6, Grand Rapids 7, Milwaukee 8—12, Streator, Ill., 13, Peoria 14, Bloomington 15, St. Louis 16—week.  
SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY CO.: Lynn, Mass., August 30, Boston Sept. 3—week.

STREETS OF NEW YORK CO.: New York August 27—week.  
THE PAYMASTER CO.: Philadelphia, August 18—week.  
TWENTY MAIDENS TO ONE DUDE CO.: Cincinnati Aug. 10—two weeks.

THE KITTY CO.: Bradford, Pa., Aug. 24, Detroit, Mich., 27—week.  
TWO OLD CROTCHES CO.: Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 27, Titusville, Pa., 30.

THOMAS W. KEENE: Johnston, Pa., August 28.  
THE TWO SISTERS CO.: Worcester, Mass., August 23—25.  
THE STOWAWAY CO.: Philadelphia Sept. 17.

THE WHITE SLAVE CO.: Washington Sept. 17.  
THE RULING PASSION CO.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 3.  
THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME CO.: Toledo, O., Sept. 10.

THE WORLD CO.: Creston, Ia., Sept. 5.  
TWO JOINS CO.: Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 20—week; Brooklyn, N. Y., 27—week; Williamsburg Sept. 3—week.

THOMAS KEENE CO.: Chicago Sept. 3—week.  
TWENTY TEMPTATIONS CO.: Topeka, Kan., Aug. 22—week.  
UNDER THE LASH CO.: Toronto, Can., Aug. 20—week; Cleveland, O., 2



## London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Aug. 9.

The good old English climate has again vindicated its claims to the variety which some consider so charming. The hay, the corn and the railroad tracks having all been as near washed away as makes no matter, and mackintosh and golosh merchants having launched out into unbridled luxury in the belief that rain would continue for ever, all of a sudden the deluge incontinently dried up and the sun became distinctly visible to the naked eye. Not only was this thus, but the sun remained visible several hours on Wednesday. To-day he has appeared again with such vigor that everybody is dead sure we have struck a gilt-edged heat-wave, and goodness only knows what may come of it. Theatrical lessees and promoters of indoor amusements generally are tearing their hair in consequence, but the managements of the Italian, the Irish, and the Anglo-Danish exhibitions, to say nothing of the two big palaces at Sydenham and Muswell Hill, rejoice with an exceeding great joy, of which more anon.

But for this heat-wave and its presumptive consequences, I should reckon that The Still Alarm has really caught on at the Princess'. If first-night enthusiasm goes for anything The Still Alarm engine No. 3, built (as the programme puts it) expressly for this engagement by the Scando Manufacturing Company of Somewhereother, New York, might well hope to run all contemporary shows off the road. Of course MIRROR readers know all about the play already, and don't want the opinions they have formed concerning it rudely disturbed by me, which is perhaps fortunate, all things considered. But there, the play doesn't matter after all. If The Still Alarm finds favor with English audiences it will be because of the interesting engine-house scene in Act III., which is, according to the play-bill, "a correct (stage) copy of the Central fire-station in New York City, while the harnessing of the horses to the engine and departure for the fire is a faithful reproduction of the system now in vogue in the American fire departments."

The Princess' play bill is indeed replete with useful information. I gather from it that "in many American cities it is the custom for fire men, after extinguishing a fire, to return to their engine houses singing some familiar song, and in many brigades very excellent glee clubs, quartettes, etc., have been organized and maintained"—all of which is very picturesque and very pretty. Our fire laddies on this side don't have anything like such good times, I can promise you. Captain Shaw, the chief of our Metropolitan Fire Brigade, witnessed the performance from a private box, and applauded vigorously, though much of what he saw and heard appeared to somewhat knock him. Jack Manley, "the American fireman of to-day," as represented by Harry Lacy, is very much addicted to preaching and attitudinizing, and his method reminded me very much of the ingenious John A. Stevens, who, I heard, was in front on Thursday night. I don't know whether either Lacy or Stevens will take this resemblance theory of mine as a compliment. Anyhow, I didn't intend it as such. Lacy is, however, all right when he turns his attention to his pet greyhound and the beautiful twin Arabian horses, Pegasus and Bucephalus; and when the still alarm is at last given, and "Peggy" and "Bucky" walk into their harness, and the boys slide down from their dormitory into their places on the engine, the enthusiasm of the Princess' audience knows no bounds.

Mary Rorke makes the heroine, Elinore, as sympathetic and intense as is possible under the circumstances. W. L. Abingdon (Bird), Harry Parker (Doc. Wilbur), Frank Wright (Joey Jones), and Barrett Roe (Fordham) do the best they can with their parts. Harry Nicholls, who is reckoned a clever comedian on this side, makes no show as Willie Manley, and Fannie Leslie does not fix as Cad Wilbur, and that's a fact. Neither does Cicely Richards, whose strong suit is Cockney humor, show to much advantage as the tedious Mrs. Manley. For all these shortcomings, however, the parts are more to blame than the players, but engine No. 3 and the beautiful twin Arabian horses are real jam, and we are not likely to forget it.

Last Monday was a bank holiday, and well we know it. The weather was various, rain predominating. Despite this the exhibitions and palaces did phenomenal business. At the Alexandria Palace the principal attraction was the bold Baldwin's ascent in a balloon and descent in a parachute. Monday's ascent was the fourth Baldwin had made on this side, and was an "extra" in every sense. I am told the management paid him \$1,750 for the one show. It's a big sum, but the task is bigger. The Italian Exhibition was thronged from morn till night. The Roman games played on the Wild West arena proved highly remunerative, and so also do the Fratelli Prandi's company of marionettes, who play to full houses twice a day. There is unquestionably a lot of money to be made in this location, and the ingenious speculators who judiciously ran the American Exhibition here have what looks like a succession of soft things in store for them. The Irish Exhibition also made a rare haul on Monday, but had to turn on a special attraction in order to do so.

The attraction in question was a military tournament, with leaping competitions in the arena and parade ground for sideshows. In the evening there might have been witnessed the Balaklava mele, wrestling on horseback and other features of interest, winding up with a moonlight steeplechase. If the company at the Bogtrotteries was slightly more numerous than that at the Macaronies it was infinitely less select. But on a bank holiday—and a wet bank holiday at that—much must be forgiven by him who wishes to be at peace with the bulk of his fellow-citizens.

Judging from letters and exchanges to hand this week the success of Nelly Farren, Fred. Leslie and the Gaiety in Richard Henry's Monte Cristo, Jr., has been something absolutely phenomenal. Mention of this piece reminds me that THE MIRROR mailed to me last week contains advertisements and other notices of Mrs. Jennie Kimball's tour with Monte Cristo, Jr., Corinne playing Edmund Dantes. You may remember that, owing to some rather strong remarks of mine relative to what I considered Mrs. Kimball's piratical proceedings some months ago in connection with this piece, she wrote you explaining her position, and asserting that she had paid "a certain London musical conductor £300 (three hundred pounds) for the libretto and music of Monte Cristo, Jr." If this was a bona fide transaction—and I do not for one moment suggest that it was not so, on the lady's part—Mrs. Kimball can readily prove her case by giving up the name of the thief from whom she purchased the words and score. There are some on this side who would be glad to know him.

The air has for some days been heavily charged with Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes purporting to be highly recommended by America and its press, to say nothing of the "sole authorization" and "courteous consent" of the author. Since my last pronouncement on this overwritten subject, many alarms and excursions have occurred and much needlessly violent language has been used, although if you ask me, I should say that it would not have mattered much if the high contracting or contending parties had incontinently slaughtered each other all'ee samee Killenny cats. But enough prologue. Let me proceed to say that while Mr. Fred. Wright's company was quietly producing in the provinces a Jekyll and Hyde of its own preparation, Bandmann was sending out to press-men and others sheaves of free invitations to a dress rehearsal at the Olympic, on Friday night, of his version, which was due at the Opera Comique on Monday. But inasmuch as Bandmann had only hired the stage and a bit of gas (at a matter of a pound or so's cost) for mere rehearsal, Agnes Hewitt, the Olympic manageress, and her young husband, F. G. Darbshire, put their respective feet on Bandmann, and though Agnes' tootsies are delightfully small, Darbshire's beetle-crushers are the fullest grown ever seen on (or off) any stage. Anyhow, Bandmann's dress-rehearsal didn't come off. Bandmann and Agnes both had notified press and public on Friday morning regarding the non-fulfilment of the dress-rehearsal promise. Nevertheless, on Friday night, several hundred people out of the twelve hundred Bandmann is said to have invited, including several clergymen and a lady American correspondent, came clamoring around the Olympic stage-door demanding that their invitation cards should be honored. Mr. and Mrs. Darbshire were, however, inexorable, and the latter from time to time addressed the malcontents from the stage-door steps. Meanwhile Bandmann, breathing fire and slaughter against the Olympic folk, was fain to depart and to elsewhere prepare the adaptation which the High Court of Justice had that morning refused to prevent being produced. So, accordingly, produced it was—but I anticipate.

The first of the London productions of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was Mansfield's, or Mr. Russell Sullivan's, which duly arrived at the Lyceum on Saturday night, before a crowded house of "brilliant and fashionables," including the present writer. The play is so well known to American readers and playgoers that I need not enter into details about the plot, which, as you know, is a bit thin. Sooth to say, we found the piece, albeit as a difficult exercise, reflecting credit on the adapter, a mournful and most uninteresting affair—a play which, if not like Shylock's cat, harmless, is certainly unnecessary. It was only tolerated for the sake of Mansfield's acting as Mr. Hyde—for his Jekyll was unanimously voted a jerky, spiritless, and utterly commonplace impersonation. His Hyde, however, is full of weird power and ferocity, and proves that Mansfield has (as I have often said in the past) great capabilities for character acting. His Hyde is simply a revelation, especially in the quick change in Act III. His Jekyll is absurd and magnifies all his old faults.

At the fall of the curtain Mansfield—who, according to the *Daily News*, "performed all his quick changing without any assistance from the wig-maker's art"—came on in his own bald head to acknowledge several calls, and after thanking kind friends in front for all their kindness, and Mr. Irving for having given him this chance of appearing at the Lyceum, stated that he "loved" Irving, a statement which, according to those in the know, is not strictly accurate. But let that pass. For the rest it is

enough to say that Beatrice Cameron pleased us with her good looks but not with her attempts at pathos; also that Mr. Harkins as Lanyon, Mr. Sullivan as Gabriel Utterson, and especially Miss Sheridan as the hag, Rebecca Moor, did their best with the sketchy parts allotted to them. Likewise let me add my opinion, that clever as part of young Mr. Mansfield's show is, it will not earn its salt in London, the natives of which do not affect your psychological graveyard and gore sort of play.

On Monday we were all summoned to Bandmann's show, which we expected to find as full of shudders and creeps as Mansfield's mixture. We were disappointed, however, for it soon proved to be a right merry antidote, causing frequent roars of laughter sandwiched with gasps of astonishment at Bandmann's simple faith in pouring upon us such a farrago of utter absurdity, clumsy mechanism, obvious "quick changes," Christy minstrel concerted pieces and sesquipedalian dialogue. For some three hours and a half merriment ruled, the laughter rising to crescendo, when the blithe Bandmann, after hopping about pantomimically as Hyde, went behind a table and deliberately took off certain clothes, and then suddenly faced the audience as the pious Jekyll, still bearing Hyde's tusks, which he had forgotten to remove from his jaw. I have not laughed so much for many days. At the finish, Bandmann came on and orated grandiloquently. Whereas Mansfield had said he "loved" Irving, Bandmann declared he loved and admired Robert Louis Stevenson, whom he described as "the greatest mind of the nineteenth century." Bandmann caused still louder guffaws, however, when he expressed the joy he felt at returning once more to this "sunny" little England. The press and public have all treated Bandmann's version as a pantomime, or at least a burlesque, of Stevenson and Mansfield. So much so that the Opera Comique closed last night after three nights' run.

According to newspaper reports, Longmans have brought the law to bear upon Bandmann—why, I can't for the life of me imagine, for there was little or nothing of Stevenson in this version. Some opine, however, that Bandmann, in order to gracefully retreat, has been and gone and got himself injunctioned and stopped. Anyhow it doesn't matter much. I expect Mansfield will presently have to select some other pattern if he wishes to draw money here.

Sophie Eyre commenced her management of the Gaiety on Saturday, starting with Marina—a new version by John Coleman, and a good version, too—of "Mr. Barnes of New York." Sophie was highly successful as the Corsican brothers' sister, who vows a vendetta, and she was on the whole well supported. Edward Ross's adaptation of Rider Haggard's "She," an adaptation for which Sophie has also called in the services of Clotilda Graves and William Sidney to "write up" her own character, is in preparation at the Gaiety. John Cobbe rules the house for Sophie, and rules like the beneficent despot that he is.—The Weaker Sex is said to be the title of Pinero's new play for the Kendals.—Alec Nelson, otherwise Dr. Aveling, is en route to New York. Grossmith's Hyde and Jekyll skit is to be played by Brough, and I am,

Yours truly, GAWAIN.

## Money in New Theatres.

The extensive and expensive amount of building and decoration done this season among the Philadelphia theatres deserves attention, for it is indicative not only of the past prosperity of that city as a dramatic centre, but also of the confidence which the local managers repose in the fortunes of the coming season.

The number of theatres, irrespective of the Academy of Music and the Museum, which will be in full swing will be fourteen, upon which an aggregate amount of nearly a quarter of a million has been spent. Three of them are newly built. The New Central, which is to be opened on Saturday night, will have cost Manager Gilmore some \$65,000. The outlay on the New Standard will reach about \$55,000, and the New Kensington probably \$35,000. The radical alterations, amounting to almost rebuilding, in the National, have cost \$20,000. The ceiling is an artistic fresco of figures and flowers. The house will seat 3,000 persons.

The expenditures at the other theatres are principally for redecoration, and are itemized as follows: The improvements at the Arch will cost \$5,000; Chestnut Street Theatre and Opera House, \$10,000; Continental Theatre, \$3,000; Dime Museum, \$4,000; Eleventh Street Opera House, \$3,000; Forepaugh's Theatre, \$6,000; Lyceum Theatre, \$1,500; Walnut Street Theatre, \$5,000; South Broad, \$10,000.

It is probable, however, that the expenditure in New York will be very little less. There are four theatres in course of construction—Proctor's New Twenty-third Street, Tony Pastor's and the Union Square, while the Bijou Opera House, the Third Avenue Theatre and others are, or have been, having an overhauling by decorators and cleaners. If to this be added the reconstruction in Brooklyn of Knowles and Morris' Grand Opera House, it will be seen that in the metropolitan centres managers endorse their expectations of a good season in the most practical manner.

## The Actresses' Corner.

It seems to be all true about English complexions. Not only the women seem, as a rule, to have lovely skins—from wild rose to ruddy apple tints—but the very street gamins are red-checked. Yet I notice the London periodicals for women—of which there are a great many—all devote considerable space to toilet matters, and especially to complexion advice. In the best books such department is under the direction of a doctress or medical lecturer to some college, and the general tone of the printed correspondence with subscribers seems to warrant the advice given as well considered.

If the following is good many women beside Polly will rejoice; it's for the minute blackened pores of the skin—none of us know what they really are—"blackheads" is expressive, but does not explain the origin of the things—and this ointment is to be used night and morning for their eradication: Benzoinated lard, two-and-a-half ounces; iodide of sulphur, one drachm. Mix to an ointment, or have your druggist do it for you; use as directed awhile, washing in the morning with hot water; be sure the water is soft; slight pressure with the fingers, the nails covered by a soft handkerchief, will cause the offenders to vacate. When all are gone use daily—to keep them from returning, I suppose—this next lotion: Sulphate of zinc, ten grains; distilled water, one ounce.

The ingredients of these two lotions are certainly harmless. Benzoin is always good for the skin, the lard "carries" it simply, and sulphur's purifying properties are known. The zinc is all right, if one may judge from the fact that zinc ointment is a healing salve used by doctors, and is, by the way, a most beneficial and soothing application for sunburn—real, jolly, bad sunburn, like that I had coming over.

I was deathly sick, you know, and to keep my soul from taking an air-line without me I had to have camphor, etc., soured-over face and throat. When my interior could meet the demands of the situation no longer, when all I contained had been yielded up, even unto a large portion of my spinal column and other necessary modern improvements of my get-up, I arose—a difficult matter, owing to the incompleteness of my spine, and got into some clothes. Then, it being a question whether my spirit would shuffle off my mortal coil at once or wait till the mortal coil did the shuffling, I compromised on a rib or two, doused myself all over face and neck with camphor, and was tenderly carried on deck. There my remains were put in my chair and left under the bright ocean sun, and all day the stiff salt breeze fanned my fevered brow, and incidentally my cheeks and nose.

Well, I haven't used Meyer's grease-paints a year or so to give in right off to a little thing like sun and salt air, even though my skin was half scorched with camphor. But next morning!—I wasn't seasick any more, I had gotten the better of a cracker or so, and I felt real chipper—I did get a shock when I looked in the glass. There, was nothing to do but make believe I didn't care; indeed, I said airily that it was the thing to be sunburned on board ship; but when some one said I would very shortly "peel," "come off," etc., I just went down privately on my knees to a friendly doctor and said I wanted poison or something to keep me from peeling. Zinc ointment was the thing. I put it on an inch or so thick, powdered heavily so the grease would not run, and veiled thickly, very thickly, indeed—not that I cared (still the girl who gave me the veil could have had my watch or anything else I owned). I did peel some, and also, though I have been over some time, my skin has hardly gotten back yet to its "normal." What would have happened but for the ointment I don't know.

All this just to impress upon you that to be sunburned is no fun. Sensible exposure will brown one, and brown is not unbecoming, but sunburn is. You look like puff-paste made of red flannel, and philosophy can't touch the depths of your disgust with and at yourself. As I did, you may say you don't care, but you will care.

After all, we women value our looks more than men value them. The man who loves us is going to love us just as well while we are afflicted with a sty or a cold sore; still we suffer while we take the risk, don't we?

There may be mournful satisfaction in entertaining people, in winning from them the homage we want, while we have a carbuncle on our chin; and we may realize that it isn't beauty—even the small share or big share we have—that we must depend upon for "holding" people, but brain, or wit, or "chic," or "manner," or better still and surer—a womanly heart. Yet we prefer to take our chance without the carbuncle, don't we?

To promote growth of eyelashes, one-half ounce of olive oil and twenty drops of oil of nutmeg mixed and applied at night is recommended; for the eyebrows only half an ounce of tincture of cantharides may be added.

Speaking of hair, I hear that the coloring matter of hair is largely composed of sulphur, that the fading or turning of the hair is often due to lack of sulphur supply to the hair. Sulphur soap is therefore recommended for washing it, and as a tonic gin poured over sulphur and rubbed into the scalp. Sounds all right, does it not?

If I have never suggested to you the use of benzoin for the skin, I should have done so. The clear tincture looks like clear cherry wine. It has a very pleasant odor, and a few drops

poured in the basin turns the water milky soft and perfumed; used just with water it is rather "drying," but that may be just what you want. A lotion is made of two parts benzoin, one part borax water and one part rose water.

Almost all the skin restorers, etc., are in the form of grease—cold cream, cuticura, vasoline, etc. More people are troubled with greasy skin than with dry skin, therefore a lotion without grease which will keep the skin in good order is "a necessary addition to the toilet-table," as the advertisements read.

Directoire fashions are evidently going to prevail. The redingote style adapts itself charmingly to street dresses—you know what I mean by redingote directoire style!—waist cut rather like a man's dress coat in front, and a polonaise back, jacket-like effect in front. See? The collar can turn sharply back in pointed lapels; it can be entirely open or buttoned half way; the long drapery can be only just at the back or can come over the sides, and the vest that shows can be conventional and close-fitting, and the skirt like any other straight skirt, if you like.

If you care to seize promptly all the picturesque possibilities let the redingote business be worn over a loose waist, the drapery of which falls with the skirt, and the waist-lines of which is indicated high up by a ribbon crossed in the back, brought around front again and tied loosely. Then the coat tails at the back can be ample and come around to loop on one side, besides finishing the back. Loop the skirt itself up the least bit on the other side about at the knee, have the redingote roll softly back to show its lining in front, let the sleeves be slightly full at the arm holes, and if you want a new effect in place of the puff padded out large, wear a big hat trimmed wildly, gloves just pulled over your cuffs, carry a long stick umbrella with a bow of ribbon on it, and if you do the dress, or rather gown, justice in the way you wear it, you will look very picturesque and charming.

Don't give me credit for inventing this dress. I have described one out of *The Lady*, a periodical here that is worth getting in New York, if it is sent over at all. By all odds the designs for gowns are the most uncommon and artistic I have ever seen.

Oscar Wilde's *Woman's World* magazine shows nothing but the most utterly commonplace designs; funny, isn't it? I expected something from his book.

The redingote is even applied to evening dress—square-necked bodice, straight lace skirt, broad sash. Then the redingote, cut down in the same curve at the back of the neck that the bodice is, turned back in two pointed lapels in front, and then falling in straight, jacket fashion to about the waist line. It is lined with dark plush or velvet, which certainly sets off the light, closely-fitting waist; the straight-back falls full to make the train. Sleeves to elbow or to just above. Cuffs turned back and met by gloves. The neck of bodice is furnished with folds of thin stuff; just in front the lace is arranged to fall a good deal, as it would if just tucked smoothly in and let fall back, a pretty way to use the otherwise rather useless duchess lace handkerchief you may happen to have. Rather a nice dress, isn't it?

I don't know whether a Medici collar would be a howling disgrace on a directoire gown or not, but I would modify the gown I have described by one if I wanted to.

Directoire makes me think of Sara. She is here, you know, playing *La Tosca*. I am treated very well, but I am not allowed to use the whole paper, so I will leave Sara and Sara's gowns for the next time. POLLY.

## A Jefferson Clam-Bake.

A genuine Cape Cod clam-bake was given at the country residence of Charles B. Jefferson at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., on Saturday, the 12th inst., at which several generations of the Jefferson family, from the inimitable grand *Papa* Joe to the buoyant kids of the genial host, and a number of invited guests, participated. The bake took place in a beautiful grove in the rear of Mr. Jefferson's residence. Four bushels of clams, one dozen chickens and half a dozen large blue fish closed their earthly and watery existence on this occasion, and were accompanied to their respective worlds by a bushel of sweet and Irish potatoes, the whole, for the especial gratification of the palates present, forming a delicious salmagundi. Miss Jefferson, sister of Charles, acted as hostess, while Charles himself was the chief engineer of the slaughter. At a given signal all fell to, and there was no Dark Secret in the manner in which that quiescent mass of mollusks and poultry disappeared. It was a palpable infringement upon the rights of The Stowaway.

After the guests had enlarged themselves to the condition of lassitude, they fell upon the sward and watched the nautical antics of the younger members of the Jefferson household and Charley Greene, who tried to ameliorate their plethoric state by yacht-racing upon the bay, in which they exhibited a sort of frenzied dexterity.

Among those who underwent the gastronomical and nautical torture were Joseph Jefferson, Sr., and family, Mrs. Connie Jefferson-Jackson, Charles Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jefferson, Joe Jefferson, Jr., Miss Maggie Jefferson, Mr. Coudock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Greene (Annie Ward Tiffany), Mrs. Adele Clarke, Miss Rose Tiffany, Miss Emma Marble, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Stout. So greatly was the babe enjoyed that it was voted an unspeakable success—at least while the devouring process was undergoing.







## Comedian Scanlan's Prospects.

W. J. Scanlan returned to this city from Sheepshead Bay the other day, all bronzed and weatherbeaten, but as handsome as ever.

"Yes, my vacation is over," he said to a Mirror reporter, "and I am not sorry to be back at work, though I've had a very pleasant time, as well as the proud privilege of having taught Rose Coghlan to swim. We are rehearsing at Chickering Hall and the Grand Opera House, and the season will open at Syracuse with 'Shane-na-lawn'. In this I am reviving Tom Moore's 'Nora Cross' and 'Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore,' and Samuel Lover's 'Tis a Bit of a Thing.'"

"My new play, by George H. Jessop and Horace Townsend, is entitled 'Mavrounes', and will be produced for the first time at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, during my engagement there Christmas and New Year's weeks. The people who are only acquainted with Mr. Jessop's work on other plays will be surprised at his knowledge of Irish character. He is, as you may perhaps know, a graduate of Trinity College, people, and they consider it interesting and clever. So pleased was I with the play that the two authors are now at work on another one for me, which they will probably have ready in October. For my new plays I have written a set of entirely new songs and music. Among them are, 'Why art Thou Sad?' 'You and I, Love,' 'My Maggie's Rognish Eye,' and others. I have an almost entirely new company, and after playing Chicago we go South to Texas to escape the election excitement, returning here for the holidays. I shall play a number of engagements in New York this season—at the Grand Opera House, the People's and the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and shall be about here altogether in the neighborhood of two or three months."

The following are some of the people that have been engaged recently through the Dramatic Bureau of the Actors' Fund: For Creston Clarke's company, W. H. Whytall, E. L. Snader and George C. Robinson; for The Ivy Leaf company, Joe Daly; for Over the Garden Wall, Nellie Liscomb, H. W. Napier and Frank Webb, musical director; for Edwin Mayo's company, Harry Colton and J. P. Keeffe, and for My Aunt Bridget company, Jennie Fisher.

Manager Arthur Chase, who is guiding the destinies of the Booth-Barrett combination, has been pleased to confer a distinguished honor upon the tragedians. A youthful scion has presented himself to the Chase family, and imbued with paternal pride or a philanthropical desire to perpetuate these illustrious names, Mr. Chase has attached them to the aforesaid scion. Henceforth the tot will be known as Arthur Booth Barrett Chase.

## HELEN SEDGWICK

SOUBRETTE.

AT LIBERTY SEASON 1888-9.

Address Mirror.

What do you think of a Speaking  
Pantomime?  
"I GUESS YAAS!"

*Geo. H. Adams*

*Maich Craigen*

\* Specially reengaged for THE BELLS OF HASEL-MERE, Boston Museum.

## C. JAY WILLIAMS

German Dialect Comedian.  
LILLIAN KEENE,  
Juveniles and Soubrettes.  
With WE, US & CO.

## F. ROEMER,

The Largest Historical  
Costumer and Armorer  
IN AMERICA.  
Also Costumer for all the Principal Theatres.  
Fifth Avenue Theatre, Grand Opera House,  
Star Theatre, Madison Square Theatre, New  
Park Theatre, Niblo's Garden Theatre, Peo-  
ple's Theatre, Fourteenth Street Theatre,  
New Windsor Theatre.

No. 129 Fourth Avenue,  
Bet. 12th and 13th streets. NEW YORK.

## BATONS GRIMES.

(GREASE PAINTS.)

Maison Dorin, 27 Rue Grenier, St. Lazare, Paris.  
Fards, Rouges and Blanc, pour Ville et Theatre.

An Improved Article, agreeably perfumed and harmless.

BOUFFES THEATRE, May 6, 1887.  
Bravo! Your DORIN'S STICKS are excellent with  
regard to hardness, tone and perfume. You have been  
very successful. I beg you to accept from my comrades  
and myself our sincere thanks. Your customers are fu-  
ture.

MAUGE, CH. LAMY,  
LEGRAND & JANNIN,

Wholesale Agents, 56-58 Murray St.

THE RESORT OF THE PROFESSION  
EUGENE BREHM.

30 Union Square, New York.

The choicest refreshments always on hand.

ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC.

BOSTON COMEDY CO., H. Price Webber, manager,  
Fourteenth season. Organized May 24, 1884. Per-  
manent address, Augusta, Me., or 362 Washington street,  
Boston, Mass.

SELECTHOUSE, 150 E. 21st St. Gramercy Park privi-  
leges. Three connecting rooms. Sumptuous table.  
Also parlor and two single rooms. Reference, MIRROR.

SAMUEL J. BROWNE.  
Re-engaged with Robert Downing.  
Season 1888-89.

THOS. E. GARRICK, JOHN M. STURGEON.  
Starring.  
Address 624 Locust street, St. Louis.

WILLIAM YERANCE.  
Heavy and Character Actor.  
Postal Address, 238 William street, New York.

WILHELMINA SWANSTON.  
Juveniles. Late with Bandmann. At Liberty.  
Address Mirror.

## Clay Clement.

With CRESTON CLARKE.

Address Mirror.

## HARRY W. SEWALL

DISENGAGED.

Manager, Business or Advance.

Address Mirror.

## Geo. E. Gouge.

AT LIBERTY SEASON 1888-89.

As Advance Agent or Manager. First-class Attraction  
Only.

Summer season with Pain's Last Days of Pompeii in  
Boston.

Address care F. A. SEARLE,  
362 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

## Verner Clarges.

At Liberty until September.

Next Season with MISS COGHLAN.

Address care N. Y. Managers' Exchange, 1193 Broad-  
way, or Simmonds and Brown.

## Leon John Vincent.

STAGE-MANAGER.

DISENGAGED.

Address 238 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

## Ed. H. Van Veghten.

At Liberty.

Address care MIRROR office.

## Blanche Sherwood.

SINGING and DANCING SOUBRETTE.

Permanent address, 263 West 11th St.

## E. Tom Webber.

Disengaged for season 1888-9. Light Eccentric and  
Character Comedy. Late of Daly's, Wallack's, and Ly-  
ceum, and Criterion, London.

Address Agents, or 201 West 14th Street.

## Theresa Newcomb.

Leading and Character Parts.

T. J. JACKSON.

Old Men, Characters and Comedy.

Disengaged Season 1888-89. Address 132 E. 16th street.

## Lizzie Evans.

Starring in THE BUCKEYE.  
C. E. CALLAHAN, Manager.

Address Havlin's Theatre, Cincinnati, O.

## Georgie Conalline

MEZZO-SOPRANO. Late COLLICE in IVY LEAF.  
Engaged for Opera.

Address Mirror.

## Esther Lyon.

LEADING. He'd by the Enemy company.  
Address Mirror.

## Marie Carlyle.

Ingenues and Soubrettes.  
Disengaged.  
Address Mirror.

BESSIE BYRNE.  
Princess' Theatre, London.  
Care Manager Kelly.

D. F. SIMONDS. Re-engaged with Maggie Mitch-  
ell Co. Season 1888-89.  
Address No. 71 E. 13th street.

DAISY CHAPLIN. Dancing and Singing Soubrette.  
Past season with Muldoon's Pic-nic Co.  
At Liberty.

F. R. MONTGOMERY. Character Comedian  
F. JENNIE KAY, Singing Soubrette and Boys.  
GEORGIE PEARL, Child Actress and Specialty  
Artist. Seymour-Stratton Co. 1888-89.  
Address Mirror.

FANNY DENHAM ROUSE.  
As Nancy Dunks in A Legal Wreck.  
Madison Square Theatre.

HARRIET WEBB.  
Public Reader. Season 1888-89.  
Agents and committees address care MIRROR.

J. G. HOWARD. Dramatic and Humorous Reader.  
Instruction in Elocution. Address Waretown,  
Ocean Co., N. J., or MIRROR office.

KATE SINGLETON. First Old Woman and Character  
Actress. At Liberty.  
Address 311 East 65th street, N. Y., or MIRROR.

LILLIAN DE WOLF. Leading Support with John  
Murphy Season 1888-89.  
Address Simmonds and Brown.

MINNIE MASKE.  
Juveniles and German Character.  
Address Mirror.

MARIE GREENWOOD. Prima Donna Soprano.  
Grand and Comic Opera.  
Address Mirror.

MR. JAMES L. CARHART.  
As Seth Preece in Lights o' London.  
Season 1888-89.

MISS STELLA REES.  
Open for engagement Season 1888-89.  
Address Simmonds and Brown, 1166 Broadway.

MR. CORNELIUS MATHEWS.  
Dramatic Author.  
Address Mirror.

MARIE HILFORD.  
Address Agents or MIRROR.

OSCAR EAGLE.  
Disengaged for next season.  
Address Mirror.

ROBERT A. FISK.  
With Capt. Jack Crawford (Fonda).  
Address per route.

WILL J. JOSEY.  
Utility or Juveniles. Disengaged Season '88-89.  
Address N. Y. MIRROR.

## Mark Lynch.

LATE OF MRS. LANTRY'S CO.  
DISENGAGED.

Address Mirror.

## Frederick W. Bert.

MANAGER

Herne's Hearts or Oak.  
SEASON 1888-89.  
Address 23 East 14th Street, N. Y. City.

## Grace Huntington.

Specially engaged for Eugene Tompkins' production of

MANKIND.

BOSTON THEATRE.

## Kittie Rhoades

Company Complete. Time all Filled. Open at  
Auburn, N. Y., Sept. 3.

Address W. R. WARD, 26 Hoffman st., Auburn, N. Y.

## T. E. Mills.

Principal Representative C. R.

GARDINER'S ATTRACTIONS,

1212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## Geo. C. Robinson.

LEADING JUVENILES and LIGHT COMEDY.  
Last season as Ruby Darrell in Herne's Hearts of Oak.  
Address Mirror.

## Boyd Putnam.

JUVENILE.

GILLETTE'S LEGAL WRECK.  
Madison Square Theatre, August 13.

## Robert McNair.

CHARACTER ACTOR.  
Soldiers' Home Company, Dayton, O., until August 11.  
AT LIBERTY FOR SEASON 1888-89.

W. H. Bartholomew,  
Favorite Comedian and Character Actor.

At Liberty for Season 1888-89.  
Address 1124 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Emma R. Steiner.  
Musical Director and Composer.  
Orchestrations for sale or rent.  
Address STEINWAY HALL, New York.

## Eva Mountford.

In the dual role of Nance and Jess in Hoodman Blind.  
Season 1888-89. Address Mirror.

Nelly Lyons Healy.  
JUVENILES. AT LIBERTY.  
Address 94 Penn Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

## Harry Brown.

COMIC OPERA, etc.  
Address 87 Union street, Boston.

## A. L. Southerland.

Manager or Advance.  
Address Mirror.

## Marion Keith.

Late MAY BLOSSOM (Frohman's) COMPANY.  
AT LIBERTY.  
Address Actors' Fund.

## Louise Muldener.

CECIL, "Her Husband" Co.  
Address Agents.

## Fletcher Williams.

JUVENILES and LIGHT COMEDY.  
Address Neversink, N. Y.

## Gussie De Forrest.

LEADING.  
Address Agents or 237 West 20th street, New York.

## Grace Addison.

SINGING SOUBRETTE. AT LIBERTY.  
Address Mirror.

## M. E. Bloom.

SCENIC ARTIST.  
284 Grand Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Miss Alice Grey.

HEAVY BUSINESS and FIRST OLD WOMEN.  
Grandview Cottage, Long Branch.

## Virginia Marlowe.

NORA in KERRY GOW Season 1887-88.  
At Liberty for Coming Season.  
Address Simmonds and Brown, or 237 East 105th  
street, New York.

## Francis Gaillard.

Summer Season with McCaull's Lady and the Tiger.  
Fort's Opera Company.  
AT LIBERTY FOR WINTER SEASON.  
Address 458 Sixth Avenue.

## Alice Gaillard.

Light Comedy, Juveniles, and SINGING.  
Season 1886-7-8 with Newton Beers' Lost in London  
Co. Address Mirror.

## Fred. E. Queen.

Singing and Dancing Light Comedian. With W. W.  
Tillotson's ZIG-ZAG, Season of 1888-89.

## Steve Maley.

At Liberty for 1888-89. Character and Irish Comedian.  
Address Simmonds & Brown, J. J. Spies, or Holyoke,  
Mass.

## Patti Rosa.

Starring in ZIP and BOB, by authorization of LOTTA.  
WILLIAM R. HATCH.  
LEADING TENOR.  
Season 1887-88, Strakosch English Opera Co.  
MARIE KNOWLES.  
MEZZO.  
Season 1887-88, Princess, Arabian Nights Co.  
DISENGAGED FOR 1888-89.  
Permanent address, MIRROR.

## W. A. Whitecar.

With HER HUSBAND.  
Address Mirror.

## Carrie Daniels.

OBERON in the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,  
CHICAGO.

AT LIBERTY IN SEPTEMBER.  
Address Care of McVicker's Theatre or Agents.

## Geo. W. Leslie.

With  
ROLAND REED.  
RE-ENGAGED. Season 1888-89.

## William F. Owen.

DISENGAGED.  
Address Sunrise Cottage, Great Head, Winthrop, Mass.

## Gabrielle du Sauld.

With DARK SECRET CO.  
234 Broadway, Rooms 28, 29, 30, New York City.

## Kathryn Kidder.

North Evanston,  
Cook Co., Illinois.

## Sally Cohen.

SINGING and DANCING SOUBRETTE.  
Kindly released from Two Old Crookes  
AT LIBERTY.  
Address 58 East 4th Street, Cincinnati.

## Charlotte Thompson.

VIOLA, Rockland Co., N. Y.

## Agnes Stone.

QUEEN'S MATE.  
BROADWAY THEATRE.

## Mlle. Juliet Durand.

Leading, Juveniles, or roles requiring a foreign accent.  
Late Eustace in She. AT LIBERTY.  
Address Actors' Fund.

## David R. Young.

Specially engaged for SNORKEY.  
UNDER THE GASLIGHT CO.

## CHARLES FOX,

SCENIC ARTIST  
Of the principal New York Theatres.  
AT LIBERTY.  
Address Actors' Fund.

## Miss Alice Fairbrother.

Disengaged Season 1888-9. Juvenile Lead, Light  
Comedy.  
Address 201 West 14th street.

## Rachel Booth.

Disengaged after Sept. 1.  
Address Agents, or 20 Howell Street, Rochester, N. Y.

## Floy Crowell.

TIME ALL FILLED.

Per route.

MISS

## Kate Forsythe.

AT LIBERTY.

Address care MIRROR.

MISS

## Marjorie Bonner.

Leading Role in MANKIND.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Under the Management of Mr. Eugene Tompkins.  
At Liberty After Sept. 1.

## Stephen Leach.

MANAGER

LEACH'S COMEDY COMPANY.  
J. H. ALLIGER, Business Manager,  
1322 Broadway, New York.

## T. D. FRAWLEY.

Leading Man with Miss Clayton.  
JOHN DEERING in THE QUICK OR THE DEAD.  
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

## Miss Adelaide Moore.

W. B. MOORE, Manager.  
London address, 21 Salisbury street, Strand, W. C.  
American address, P. O. Box 2904, New York.

American Representative, JEROME H. EDDY,  
23 East 14th street, New York.

Attorneys, HOWE & HUMMEL.

## W. A. Whitecar.

With HER HUSBAND.  
Address Mirror.

## Carrie Daniels.

OBERON in the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,  
CHICAGO.

AT LIBERTY IN SEPTEMBER.  
Address Care of McVicker's Theatre or Agents.

## Geo. W. Leslie.

With  
ROLAND REED.  
RE-ENGAGED. Season 1888-89.

## William F. Owen.

DISENGAGED.  
Address Sunrise Cottage, Great Head, Winthrop, Mass.

## Gabrielle du Sauld.

With DARK SECRET CO.  
234 Broadway, Rooms 28, 29, 30, New York City.

## Kathryn Kidder.

North Evanston,  
Cook Co., Illinois.

## Sally Cohen.

SINGING and DANCING SOUBRETTE.  
Kindly released from Two Old Crookes  
AT LIBERTY.  
Address 58 East 4th Street, Cincinnati.

## Charlotte Thompson.

VIOLA, Rockland Co., N. Y.

## Agnes Stone.

QUEEN'S MATE.  
BROADWAY THEATRE.

## Mlle. Juliet Durand.

Leading, Juveniles, or roles requiring a foreign accent.  
Late Eustace in She. AT LIBERTY.  
Address Actors' Fund.

## David R. Young.

Specially engaged for SNORKEY.  
UNDER THE GASLIGHT CO.

## CHARLES FOX,

SCENIC ARTIST  
Of the principal New York Theatres.  
AT LIBERTY.  
Address Actors' Fund.

## Miss Alice Fairbrother.

Disengaged Season 1888-9. Juvenile Lead, Light  
Comedy.  
Address 201 West 14th street.

## Rachel Booth.

Disengaged after Sept. 1.  
Address Agents, or 20 Howell Street, Rochester, N. Y.

## Edwin Booth.

Letters may be addressed care New York Mirror.





**Mr. J. H. LAINE, Sole Manager.**  
 Mr. J. J. COLEMAN, Business Manager  
 Mr. J. S. FRANCOEUR, Stage Manager  
 Mr. JAMES GILLESPIE, Stage Machinist  
 Mr. MILTON C. BOWERS, Master of Properties  
 Mrs. JOSEPHINE RAND, Matron de Wardrobe

## Regular American Tour

SEASONS 1888-89-90.



And Her Company.

Including the Leading American Actor,

**MR. WILLIAM HARRIS,**

—AND—

Miss HELENE DAVIS, Mr. CHARLES McMANUS,  
 Mrs. ELLA WRENN, Mr. J. R. AMORY,  
 Miss MARIE DANTES, Mr. W. R. OWEN,  
 Miss ADA VANETTA, Mr. J. S. FRANCOEUR,  
 Mrs. JOSEPHINE RAND, Mr. C. J. BIRKBECK,  
 Miss MARIE, Mr. CHARLES BURROWS,  
 Mr. LAUREN REES,  
 Mr. MILTON C. BOWERS,  
 Mr. JAMES GILLESPIE.

Season 1888-89 will embrace

**50 CONTINUOUS WEEKS.**

### REPERTOIRE.

SARDOUS 4-act Com-  
edy-Drama.

**A Dangerous  
Game.**

And THE  
Case Vidal,  
A play in 4 Acts, adapted  
from the French.

MM. SCRIBE and LE-  
GOUVE'S 5-act play,

Adrienne  
Lecouvreur.

TOM TAYLOR'S 3-act  
Comedy,

An Unequal  
Match.

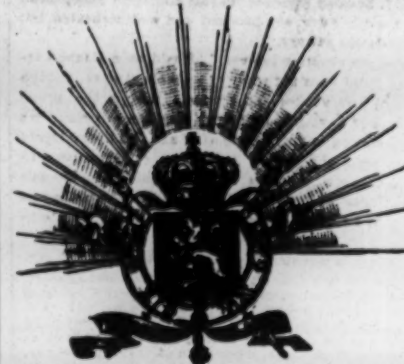
SPECIAL PRODU-  
TION OF  
Much Ado  
About  
Nothing.

Elaborate  
COSTUMING.

EVERY RICH  
and  
VALUABLE  
Accessory.

Special Printing.

### TIME ALL FILLED



At the Leading Theatres.

City	Weeks
New York City	4 weeks
Boston	2 weeks
Chicago	1 week
Cincinnati	1 week
Washington	1 week
Baltimore	1 week
Pittsburg	1 week
New Orleans	1 week
Buffalo	1 week
Winnipeg, Man.	1 week
Helena, M. T.	1 week
Butte, M. T.	1 week

AND THE FOLLOWING CITIES THREE  
NIGHTS EACH:

Salt Lake City, Rochester, Syra-  
cuse, Detroit, Albany, Toronto,  
Montreal, Kansas City,  
Jacksonville, Fla.,  
Providence,

a.c., a.c., a.c., a.c.

### Warning to Managers.

**LYNWOOD, QUEENA,  
AND  
DENS AND PALACES**

(A new and very strong melodrama just finished).

I hereby notify Managers of Theatres, Opera Houses,  
etc., that I shall hold them responsible, to the full ex-  
tent of the law, for the unauthorized production of either  
of the above plays.

### ANY COMPANY

having the right to produce either of my plays will be  
able to show

Regular Contract, Dated this  
Season

(not lost), and recede for PREVIOUS WEEK'S ROY-  
ALTY, otherwise the contract is void and no right ex-  
ists. Address (permanent)

J. K. TILLOTSON, Toledo, O.

CHARLES H. YALE, Manager,

**WM. J. GILMORE'S**

Grand Legendary Spectacle,

**Twelve Temptations.**

All communications address  
Care Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

**PERKINS  
Grand Opera House.**

Seating capacity, 1,400. Stage, 67x45 feet.  
Metropolitan in Every Feature.

LOCATED AT  
**SPRINGFIELD, MO.**

This house concentrates the amusements for the entire  
city, with tributary villages, making it one of the most  
desirable amusement cities in the West.  
We solicit bookings from first-class attractions only.  
P. B. PERKINS, Proprietor and Manager.  
C. E. BROOKS, Treasurer.  
PAUL ELLENBURG, Cashier.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

**AMPHION ACADEMY.**

Brooklyn, N. Y.

**KNOWLES & MORRIS,**

Lessees and Managers.

NEW YORK OFFICE:

NO. 1257 BROADWAY.

**EDWIN ARDEN,**

Season 1888-9.

THE PHENOMENAL SUCCESSES,  
BARRED OUT AND EAGLE'S NEST

Time filed. ARDEN SMITH, Mgr.

**STRAND THEATRE**

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Under the management of

**MR. WILLIE EDOUN.**

All communications to be addressed to

**MR. FRANK W. SANGER,** Broadway Theatre

**Capt. Jack Crawford,**

In Sam W. Smith's play, entitled

**FONDA;**

Or, The Trapper's Dream

SHERIDAN CORRYN, Sole Manager

Address care "Criterion," a Union Square, N. Y.

### THE DUKE'S MOTTO.

Having recently purchased the exclusive right to the  
above spectacular melodrama, we are prepared to receive  
orders for

**Selling or Renting Same**

to responsible parties, with all scenery, costumes, acces-  
sories, etc., as produced at Niblo's Garden, New York.  
For particulars apply to **MRS. KIRALFY,** St. George,  
Statens Island, or **E. G. GILMORE,** Niblo's Garden, N. Y.

**Wood's Opera House,**  
HOOSICK, FALLS, N. Y.

New and popular management. Modern built theatre.  
Good stage, scenery and dressing-rooms. First-class  
band and orchestra. Will open Aug. 21, 1888. Now  
booking attractions for the season of 1888-89. Only first-  
class companies solicited. Will rent or share. Address  
**MOON & CHAPMAN, Managers.**

**OPEN TIME.  
OPERA HOUSE.**

**ST. CATHARINES, ONT.**  
Situated on the ground floor. Well stocked with  
scenery. Seating capacity 1,500. Population 20,000.  
Street-cars pass the doors. Managers of FIRST-CLASS  
combinations, wishing dates address  
**H. G. HUNT, Manager.**

**OPEN TIME.  
White's Opera House.**

DETROIT, MICH.

Week Sept. 17, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10.

CHAS. O. WHITE.

**HYPERION THEATRE,**  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Open Time **Sept. 17, 24**  
and **NOV. 26.**  
G. S. BUNNELL.

**Wanted for Fair Week**  
AT GOLDSBORO, N. C.,

An Opera or Comedy Company for Week  
of October 8.

Excellent business prospects. Address  
**J. A. BONITZ,** Wilmington, N. C.

**Notice to Managers.**

All Managers of Theatres are hereby notified that

**ANNIE PIXLEY**

is the exclusive owner of

**M'LISS,**

and that in the event of allowing any production of  
M'LISS in their theatres, they will be prosecuted to the  
full extent of the law.

**ROBERT FULFORD.**

**Chas. T. Parsloe**

in

**A GRASS WIDOW.**

Sole Proprietor and Manager, - CHAS. T. PARSLÖE

LONG BRANCH CITY, N. J.

Address all business communications to  
**ARTHUR G. THOMAS,** Business Manager,  
Care Ledger Job Office, Philadelphia.

**Sixth Season**

**J. C. STEWART'S**

**TWO JOHNS**

**COMEDY COMPANY.**

Better than ever. Best money attraction now travelling.

Time all Filled.

Address **A. Q. SCAMMON, Manager.**

**LA TOSCA.**

SEASON 1888-89.

Managers for

**MISS DAVENPORT,**

KLAW and ERLANGER,

23 East 14th Street, New York.

### CALL.

The ladies and gentlemen engaged for  
**Mr. and Mrs. Florence's Company, 1888-89,**  
will please attend rehearsal at Madison Square Theatre,  
MONDAY, AUG. 27, at 11 o'clock A. M.  
**LIN HURST,** Stage Manager.

Season of 1887-8.

**MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.**

At the  
**Lyceum Theatre, London,**  
Commencing Sept. 3.

Under the management of

**E. D. PRICE.**

**LELAND OPERA HOUSE.**

Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. ROSA M. LELAND - Manager  
Scenes and combinations desired time at above house  
Address  
Mrs. R. M. LELAND,  
24 Broadway, N. Y.

**MRS. R. M. LELAND**

America's Brilliant Young Tragedian,

**ROBERT DOWNING,**

Under the personal management of

**Mr. JOSEPH H. MACK,**

in the

Grandest Production Ever Given

of

**Spartacus the Gladiator**

Also productions of

**Julius Caesar, Othello, Ingomar, St. Marc.**

**MISS MADDERN**

Permanent address, care RANDALL, 1867 Broad-  
way, New York.

**C. R. GARDINER, Proprietor.**

HE SHE, HIM AND HER.

ZOZO, THE MAGIC QUEEN.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (re-written).

FATE, by Bartley Campbell.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART (re-written).

MORIARTY THE CORPORAL.

THE REGENT'S DIAMOND.

Part Owner and Manager Clay M. Greene a version of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Capt. Thompson's version, as played last Summer in

Chicago. Address, Minnetrista Mansion, Newton, Ct.

Prosecution will follow unauthorized productions of  
any the above plays.

**FOR SALE.**

One Set of Scenery, all flats, 16x16.

Comprising the following pieces: Rocky Pass or Moun-  
tain Scene; Dark Wood with Winter scene on back;  
Fancy Chamber, Plain Chamber, Kitchen, Log Cabin  
with kitchen on back, Set House, Four set Rocks, Drop  
curtain and Wings to match the entire set. All of this  
scenery is in good condition and will be sold at a reason-  
able figure. Address General Ladder Building Associa-  
tion, Lynn, Mass.

**FOR SALE.**

Some Legitimate Male Wardrobe.

Address COSTUMES, MIRROR office.

**Wanted Lady or Gentleman**

With small amount of cash for repertoire company. No  
objection to amateurs.

Address TIME ALL FILLED, MIRROR office.

**COPYING.**

**MRS. H. A. RICHARDSON.**

THEATRICAL COPYIST AND TYPE-WRITER.

37 East 10th street (bet. B'way and 4th ave.)

1888 SEASON 1889

The Magnetic Soubrette,  
**NELLIE WALTERS,**

In Gus J. Heege's Protean Musical Comedy,

**Criss-Cross.**

A Whirlwind of Fun, Music, Vim and Action from Start to Finish! NEW  
SPECIALTIES! ORIGINAL MUSIC! A1 PRINTING! A SPECIALLY SELECT-  
ED CAST! No Chestnuts or Hackneyed Features!

Under the Exclusive Management of  
**GEO. W. WALTERS, 924 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill.**  
NOW BOOKING. Local managers kindly send open time.

**"A Night in Jersey."**

Second Annual Tour of this new and original Irish comedy in four acts, by those  
well-known, popular and successful authors, James Connor Roach and James Armoyn  
Knox (of Texas Siftings). This comedy has a successful New York reputation, and  
is replete with sterling situations and novel ideas.

**MR. PATRICK NEESON,**

The sterling Irish comedian, has been especially re-engaged, and will be supported  
by a company of excellent artists. This company is backed by money, talent and  
entirely new printing for this season. Managers desiring to book this attraction in  
first-class houses can address, with open time and very best terms, first letter to

**JAMES FORT, Acting Manager, 221 East 12th street, New York.**

A grand success. The funniest thing out this season.—New York Daily News.

**The Peavey Grand Opera House**

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

**W. J. BUCHANAN,** - - - - - Manager

The most Elaborate, Complete and Perfect House built in the West. Seats 1,500. Regular prices. Popula-  
tion 30,000. New Booking Season of 1888-89-90. First-class attractions only. Address the Manager.

**W. W. RANDALL, 1267 Broadway, New York.**

Or **KLAW & ERLANGER, 23 East 14th street.**

**The Academy of Music, Newburgh, N. Y.**

**NOW BOOKING.**

This new theatre (on ground floor) is admirably located in a central position and is a credit to the owners and  
the city. Seating capacity 1,250. Six boxes. Every improvement in heating and electric light. Thoroughly  
equipped stage sufficient for the heaviest set—85 feet wide, 30 feet deep, 24 feet to fly gallery, and 45 between  
pin rails—15 sets of first-class scenery. Newburgh is a centre of 20,000 population and a FIRST-CLASS SHOW  
TOWN, only 58 miles from New York, on West shore of the Hudson. Approached from New York city  
from Albany and the river towns; from the East and from the West by six great railroad systems and five  
steamboat lines. There are three principal hotels. For time and terms address **A. S. WOOD, Academy of Music,**  
Newburgh, N. Y., or **KLAW & ERLANGER, 23 East 14th Street, New York.**

**ROSE LEVERE.**

AT LIBERTY.

Starring engagement or leading business! Unanimous verdict of the New York City press: Triumphant suc-  
cess everywhere. Tragedy, Comedy and Emotional. Read press notices, page 200 Mirror Annual.

Permanent address, P. O. box 2946, N. Y. City.

**A. S. SEER'S**

**New Lithographs and Stand**

**Work for**

**Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**

**Ten Nights in a Barroom**

**Uncle Tom's Cabin**

**East Lynne, &c., &c.**

**And Over 1,000 Other Subjects**

of Theatrical Printing for any branch of the business.

**Broadway and 17th Street, N. Y.**

The plays of "OUR STRATEGISTS" and "LADY  
CLAIRE AND THE IRON MASTER" to be let on  
royalty. Have printing for these plays.

RESERVED SEAT NUMBERED TICKETS A SPECIALTY.

**M. HERRMANN,**

**THEATRICAL AND**

**BALL COSTUMES,**

**145 FOURTH AVENUE,**

**NEW YORK.**

AMATEUR THEATRICALS A SPECIALTY.  
Out-of-town Amateur Dramatic Societies, Churches,  
etc., guaranteed entire satisfaction.  
Ladies and gentlemen of the Theatrical Profession  
will do well to have our estimate before going elsewhere.

**DOBLIN, Tailor.**

**854 BROADWAY,**

(Morton House).

Only the VERY FINEST TAILORING at MOD-  
ERATE PRICES, for CASH, the INVARIABLE  
RULE.

**Ladies' Jackets and Liveries.**

**HAWTHORNE**

**COSTUMER.**

**4 East 20th Street, New York.**

**THE EAVES**

**COSTUME COMPANY,**

**63 East 12th st., New York.**

**Silk and Worsted Tights and Shirts.**

Daily competition in price, style or workmanship. Man-  
agers and the profession generally will find it to their inter-  
est to get estimates from this old and reliable house. New  
wardrobes made up either for sale or hire. The largest  
stock of Armors, Theatrical and Operatic costumes in the  
United States always on hand.